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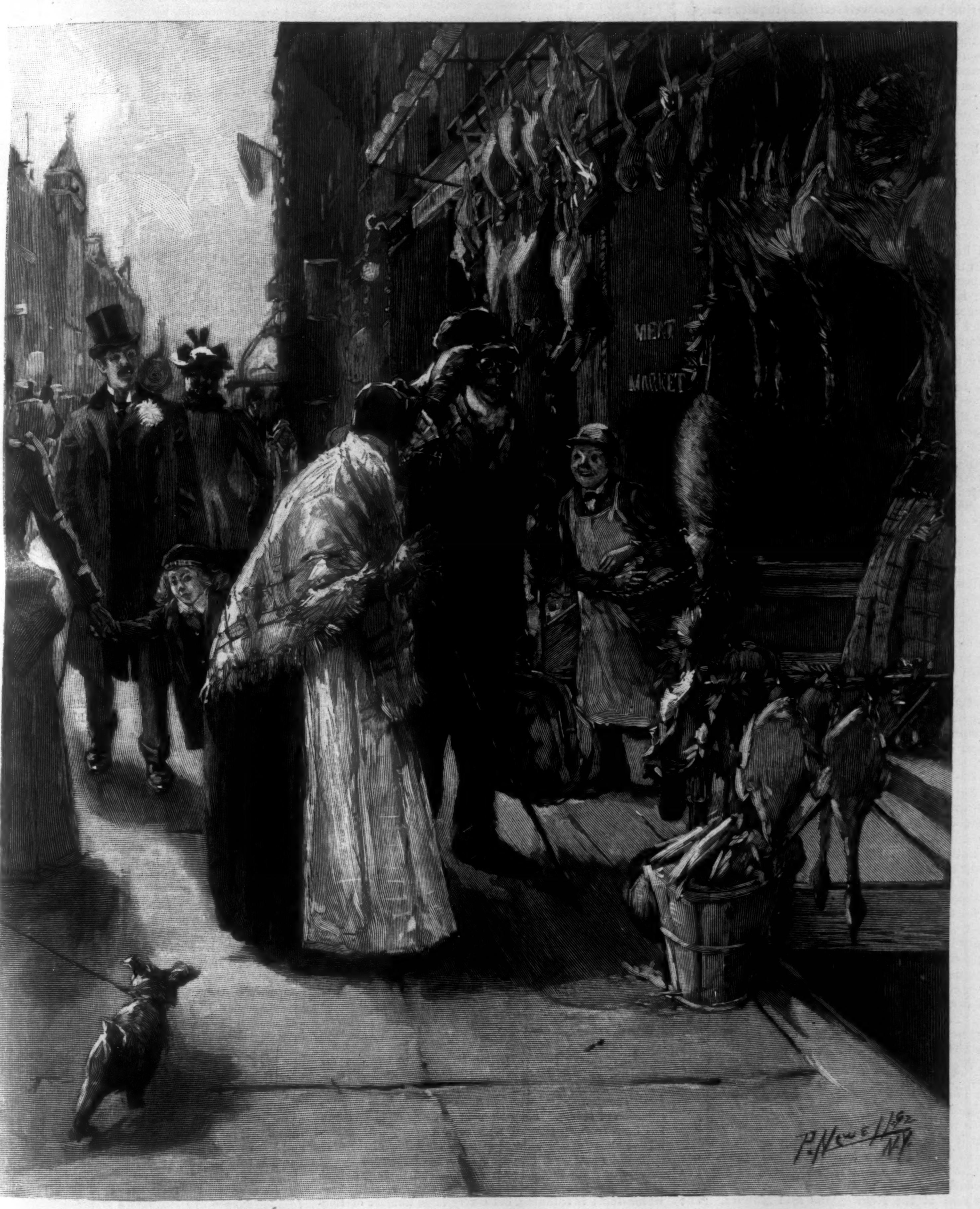

A REMINDER OF OLD VIRGINIA.—Drawn by P. S. Newell.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES AND COVER.)

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IMMIGRATION.

MANY earnest and patriotic men have of late expressed their alarm at the constantly swelling stream of foreign immigrants flowing toward our shores, and the newspapers are teeming with articles and the debating clubs resounding with speeches on this topic. It is argued that our country has in the course of time become too well settled to require many more foreigners for its development; that almost in the same measure as our need of immigration diminishes, the number of immigrants landing upon our soil increases; that as the immigration grows in quantity, it deteriorates in quality; that while formerly a large majority of the immigrants consisted of desirable elements, such as the Germanic races and the Irish, now the number of Slavs, Hungarians, Russians, and Italians pouring in grows in alarming proportion; that we are receiving in large masses a kind of population which other countries are anxious to get rid of; that, in short, the Old World is dumping its refuse upon our soil; that many of the immigrants are so ignorant and degraded as to permit no hope of their becoming assimilated with the native population and being made good American citizens; that with them they bring not only a ruinous competition to our laboring people, but also a seed of anarchism and other subversive tendencies, and outlandish notions dangerous to our political system and social order; and that in view of all this it is necessary greatly to restrict, if not entirely to prohibit, immigration in order to save this republic from serious trouble.

It will be admitted by every fair-minded man, whether or not he accepts all these allegations as true, that the great stream of recent immigration has brought us a large number of persons whose presence among us does not appear desirable on account of their mental and moral condition. What kind of people are they? Most of them belong to the class of unskilled laborers doing the rough work which requires the least intellectual ability or preparation. And why do they come in such numbers? This is a question which has not received in the discussion of the general subject the consideration it deserves. The great mass of unskilled laborers come to the United States because somebody wants to employ them here. And when we look at the matter closely, we find that the whole community wants them for a service which cannot be dispensed with.

It is a matter of common observation that in our days the number of native Americans who are willing to earn their daily bread by hard work with their hands is constantly decreasing. The farmer's son who, instead of staying upon his father's acres, or of acquiring a farm for himself to walk behind the plough, runs away to town to try his fortune in some occupation which will not harden his hands and tan his skin, is no longer an exception, but is fast becoming the rule. The native American no longer likes to dig ditches, or to work on the highways, or to throw up railroad embankments, or to do the rough work in coal mines. But this class of work has to be done, and somebody has to be found to do it; if not the native American, then somebody else. It is idle to say that the native American is crowded out of such employment by the competition of the foreign immigrant who is willing to work for lower wages; for the number of Americans who would perform that sort of work, were the wages ever so high, is entirely insufficient, and constantly growing less. Here is, therefore, an indispensable service for which the foreigner is needed.

Neither can the laborers for this indispensable service be drawn from every class of foreign immigrants. The bulk of the immigration from Germany, generally regarded as not only an unobjectionable but as a desirable class, go to the new States in the West, to devote themselves to agricultural pursuits. Those who do not come here to cultivate the soil mostly settle down in towns as merchants or mechanics or small tradesmen. But few Germans are willing to join the lowest ranks of labor—not as if they shunned hard work, but because it is their ambition as soon as possible to become independent, to found permanent homes, and to improve their condition in a methodical way. The same may be said of the Norwegians and Swedes. The Irish immigrants, too, very many of whom were formerly found among the workers with pick and shovel, are gradually withdrawing from that kind of employment to go to farms or to engage in other occupations. The upshot of all this is that the labor here mentioned has to recruit itself very largely, if not altogether, from that class of foreign immigrants which is considered the most undesirable, and that, however objectionable that class may be in other respects, it is put to a use which cannot be dispensed with.

In dealing with the question of immigration we have, therefore, to deal at the same time with a social condition which will be found practically to stand in the way of all sweeping measures of restriction. Although there is at present a very strong and widespread feeling among our people favoring such sweeping measures, yet it is not probable that this feeling will find expression in legislation equally sweeping. While readily admitting that in point of numbers we are receiving much more immigration than we need, yet we cannot close our eyes to the fact that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to devise a plan of restriction the practical execution of which would not in a large measure exclude the desirable immigration together with the undesirable. The enactment of such plans into laws would inevitably result in a conspiracy of very important and powerful interests to evade them. For the same reason the enactment of such laws will turn out to be politically impracticable. The probability is that we shall have to make the best of the law as it stands, excluding paupers, idiots, criminals, and so on, perhaps to strengthen it by judicious amendments, keeping in view the limits of existing possibilities, and to employ every means afforded by our political and social institutions to lead the obstreperous foreign elements upon the path of good citizenship. This task will, especially as regards the second generation, appear far less hopeless than it now seems if well taken in hand. In the mean time we should deprecate the extravagant notion at present entertained by many well-meaning people that all the ills of our political and social condition are owing to the influx of ignorant and depraved persons from abroad. Those who take this ground wholly misconceive the origin and nature of many existing evils, and will be apt to overlook necessities of reform and improvement which lie in an entirely different direction.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE International Monetary Conference at Brussels met in a cloud of doubt. It may be that the conference will come to an end without accomplishing anything of value, but there are signs to the contrary, more or less encouraging to Americans who desire an end of the silver question and at the same time to afford relief from any real evils that may result from a lack of currency or its inadequate distribution, especially in the agricultural regions.

The conference not only did not open hopefully, but on the first day it appeared as if the British delegates were determined that its deliberations should come to an early conclusion, leaving matters about as they stood when this government issued its invitations. The first reports from it certainly indicated that the United States would be obliged to settle its own currency problem, without the aid of the commercial nations of Europe. It is true that a French representative spoke favorably of bimetallism, and expressed the desire of himself and his colleagues not only to consider the American propositions, but to do all in their power to assist in finding a satisfactory solution of the problem. The Dutch, Spanish, and Mexican delegates naturally announced that they were willing to vote favorably on the propositions. The Germans and Austrians, however, declared that they would not assent to any modification of their monetary systems, while the conferrees from Russia, Italy, Roumania, Switzerland, and Greece stated that under their instructions they were not permitted to vote on the proposed resolution. In 1891 the foreign commerce between the United States and the countries resolutely opposed to bimetallism, or determined to play a silent part in the conference, was valued, by our own statistics, at $344,170,000, while our commerce with the countries that consented to act on the proposition of our delegates was valued at only $122,413,000.

It was certainly not encouraging to the American conferrees that the representatives of the most important commercial countries should decline seriously to consider the question for which they had hoped to find an answer. Forces, however, had been at work since the appointment of the British conferrees that wrought at least a slight change in the situation of affairs. The sentiment in favor of bimetallism has been recently growing with some rapidity among certain commercial classes in England. The effect of the difficulties of India upon English opinion has been marked. It may be, as many English financiers contend, that the decline of the rupee does not account for all the commercial ills from which India is suffering, but a very large number of Englishmen believe that if silver could be forced to take its place by the side of gold in the universally recognized money of the commercial world, both the producers and factors of India and their correspondents in London would be very much better off than they are under the existing currency conditions.

The Lancashire cotton-spinners have also begun to insist that the government shall seriously consider the subject of bimetallism. Their own transactions with the silver countries of South America and with the cotton-growers of India have induced them to believe that trade would be better if the money standards of England were the same as those of the countries with which they deal.

Finally, Mr. **ARTHUR BALFOUR** made his appearance as an ardent political exponent and advocate of bimetallism, and a champion ready to enter the lists of debate with Sir **JOHN LUBBOCK** or any other defender of the historic gold standard of Great Britain. Since Mr. **BALFOUR**'s speech at Manchester it has been suspected that the Tory leaders are preparing to make bimetallism a party issue, and that at least the clever leader of her Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons has gone forward to explore public sentiment on the subject.

Such being the facts, it was not surprising to find Mr. **ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD**, one of the British delegates, presenting a plan of his own, which demands discussion, and which is a confession that the single gold standard advocates, who are also politicians, must at least make a show of willingness to answer the complaints of the people of India and of their own manufacturers and exporters.

The plan has been sufficiently described in the daily newspapers, and was simply an enlarged application of our own scheme of keeping up the price of silver by making large purchases of it. It involves the continuance of the annual purchase by our own government of 54,000,000 of ounces of silver, and of £5,000,000 of silver by the other nations, parties to the agreement, the purpose being to maintain the price at 43 pence per ounce. If this could be accomplished it would add about 10 per cent. to the value of the silver that has already been purchased by our government. Its adoption would, however, commit this country to the existing law. As for the rest of the **ROTHSCHILD** plan, the demand of the bimetallists for the coinage of the two metals is met by a suggestion that silver be made a legal tender to the sum of £5.

The plan was referred to a committee, and thus the danger of an immediate breaking up of the conference was overcome. Among other plans submitted, besides that of the American conferrees, were those of Professor **SOETBEER** and M. **LEVI**, and a combination of all three of the foreign plans is somewhat expected as a result of the conference—a result, it is to be feared, that would not greatly advance the problem with which this country is contending. So far as the committee is concerned, its report modifies the **ROTHSCHILD** plan, and suggests portions of the **SOETBEER** and Danish plans. The Americans believe, apparently, that this means that their own plan will be considered and debated by the conference. Briefly, this plan is a common ratio, free coinage by all commercial countries, and a uniform price for coinage. The most excited critics of the conference, thus far, are the extreme silver men of the United States, who apparently dread more than anything else the sober discussion of their scheme by experts.

THE QUESTION OF PRIVACY.

IN a newspaper report of a recent hearing in the **SCHUYLER** monument case, the presiding judge was quoted as expressing the opinion that a system of jurisprudence which permitted a private person to be held up to the admiration, or anything else, of the public without his consent if he is alive, or that of his family if he is dead, is a farce. In the particular case before the court the judge thought that the only question to be determined was whether or not Mrs. **SCHUYLER** was a public woman. It was clearly his opinion that private people and their surviving families had rights that public people could not claim. If the higher court concurs in this view, it will be worth while for every one who cares about his legal rights to inform himself, so far as he can, as to the location of the point where privacy tapers off and the thin end of publicity begins.

In some particulars the matter is clear enough already. Criminals who get caught find their privacy invaded without hope of redress. Persons who commit suicide usually have their past lives investigated, often with painful results to blameless survivors. Patent-medicine men tolerate no more privacy than they can help, and candidates for political office deliberately expose themselves to all sorts of comment, commendation, ridicule, and censure. So, too, when a successful candidate gets into office, and as long as he stays there, he is a public person, and, provided the office is a sufficiently great one, he and his family have to live under the eye of the world. The President of the United States, for instance, is a public person as to whose whereabouts and occupations the people think they are entitled to be kept informed, nor is it probable that the wish of any person to set up any decent monument in commendation of any past President deceased could be successfully opposed by the dead man's family.

But there are a whole lot of other offices, not political, but of such far-reaching importance that the men who administer them can affect the fortunes of thousands of their fellow-citizens. How about these office-holders? How about the presidents of railroads and great corporations? How about the eminent clergymen, editors, lawyers, poets, and artists? How about expressmen like the late **JOHN HO** and the contemporaneous Mr. **PLATT**? How about orators like Mr. **DEPEW**, prophets like Lieutenant **TOTTEN**, philanthropists like Mr. **GERRY**, reformers like Mrs. **KINNECUTT**, salvationists like the **BOOTH** family, public-speaking or performing women like Mrs. **HOWE** or Miss **COLLINS**, and long-haired men like Buffalo Bill or **OSCAR WILDE**? If Tammany Hall should wish to replace its Fourteenth Street Indian by a life-size statue of Dr. **PARKHURST**, must it first get the doctor's permission? If St. George's Church should desire to adorn Stuyvesant Square with an effigy of Oliver Sumner Teall, would Mr. Teall's consent be indispensable? Are these distinguished ladies and gentlemen private persons whose relatives can keep them quiet after they are dead, or are they public characters and exposed now and for all time to the risk of being held up to the admiration of the public?

And how will it be about the people whose lives are conspicuous models of elegance, who occupy the boxes at the Horse Show and the opera, dance the opening quadrilles at the Charity Ball, and set the fashions? Do gentlemen who drive four-in-hands in Central Park risk their privacy thereby? Are ladies who air their best bonnets in the annual parade of the Coaching Club in any danger thereafter of having their statues set up or their pictures published without permission from their heirs and assigns? Are patriarchs private? Are archmillionaires private? Are the people in general who occupy the world's front seats and the high places in the synagogues entitled to just as much privacy as sewing widows in a six-pair-back tenement?

On a question which seems likely to go to the Court of Appeals for determination, it is doubtless safer to generalize after the Court has rendered its opinion. Nevertheless, it seems not too venturesome to suggest that in every career that is sufficiently carried out there is a point where private life merges into a quasi-public life, and that persons who stick on the near side of that point retain some privileges which are lost to those who go beyond it. In the careers in which money or social success is the goal, as in others, there is a point where the right to privacy necessarily becomes impaired. It is hard to have any sort of distinction coincidently with a perfectly protected privacy, because distinction necessarily involves some degree of publicity. Yet there are some worthy people who seem to want all the distinction that comes from wealth, influence, and a conspicuous social station, and all the privileges of obscurity at the same time. It may be that the final outcome of the Schuyler case will bring encouragement to these good people, but meanwhile the old methods seem surest. If you don't want to be seen, lie low; if you don't want to be heard, sing small; if you don't want to be talked about, do nothing worth mentioning.

THE ALLEGED COMET.

During the past week or two we have heard a great deal of talk about a comet alleged to be approaching the earth at a rate of velocity most unpleasant to consider. We have been treated to learned astronomical disquisitions by the newspapers, a number of which appear to keep private astronomers ready for any meteorological emergency which may arise, just as an English tradesman used to keep a poet, a number of years ago, to celebrate the merits of his shoe-blacking preparation; which lofty example is now followed by the London *Telegraph*, which "keeps" the distinguished author of the "Light of Asia" in the office, so as to be quite prepared for any occurrence demanding the services of a good all-round bard.

This comet has been charged to several distinguished star-gazers of established respectability; but among them one Biela has been accredited with the authorship of the straggler by most of the writers upon the subject until within a few days, when one Holmes has been mentioned as the responsible person. To add to the unreliable character of the information to be got about the comet, its shape and appearance have been variously described by a number of scientific persons at the Lick Observatory and at other points in the country. Some reports say it is one-eighth as large as the moon; others say it is fully two-thirds as large as that chaste orb. Some say it is green; some affirm it to be pink; some yellow. Some say it has long hair, like a woman; and some say it has a "coma" and an "unusual nucleus, slightly elongated." No contradiction of these charges has been offered; but many others, equally alarming, if obscure, have been adduced.

Moreover, despatches from the Southern and Western States tell of strange portents and prodigies which have accompanied its appearance. A man in Tennessee, who had always been notorious for his miserly disposition, drew all his money out of the bank one day last week, and divided it among his family, advising them, in his simple phrase, to "pitch in and have fun while they could, for things was goin' to pieces pretty quick," and proceeded to get magnificently intoxicated himself as an evidence of good faith. In Ohio a man refused to pay his house-rent, because, he said, his lease was about to be vitiated by the end of the world, caused by collision with the comet, and he would not pay any more money on account of an illegal agreement. From Crab Orchard, Virginia, comes the story of the birth of a negro man-child with a full set of teeth and long black hair, who within a few minutes of the time of his birth spoke calmly and with a cultivated accent, saying, "Time here is short," and then closed his eyes and died. These occurrences are only examples of a great number of similar happenings reported by telegraph from almost every State in the Union. The single vital point about them is that each occurrence is elaborately vouched for by somebody absolutely unknown to any responsible person in this city. Even the reports of astronomers are strangely vague and conflicting.

In this maze of uncertainty one naturally tries to find some honest, wholesome fact—if only one—to use as a starting-point for reasoning. After going over all the ground thoroughly, it must be confessed that although so much has been spoken and written about the alleged comet, and though so many strange things have been said to attend its coming, not one person in this city has yet seen any comet with his natural eyes, although many have gone so far as to stare into the heavens with the eye of faith night after night, using telescopes and opera-glasses, with which a few individuals have asserted that they thought they saw a hairy kind of comet, although the object was so low in the sky as easily to be confused with a lamp in the upper window of a tenement. Now a moment's sober thought is enough to convince any sensible person that this postulated comet would never miss what the dramatic critics call the stamp of metropolitan approval if it could get it. It has been claimed that it has been playing a preliminary season throughout the West and South. Very well; when plain unscientific citizens of New York can see it they will believe in it, and not before.

Straightforward, simple logic has overthrown many pretentious hypotheses before now. It is not pleasant to think that so many persons have been deceived, but the reasoning is relentless and the conclusion inevitable that this alleged comet is simply a detached and arbitrary theory, which too many persons have taken for granted. As a matter of proven fact, we must say, as Mrs. Gamp said about Mrs. Harris, that we believe there ain't no sich a person. We will have no strange tales from the hills of the North or the vales of the South. We do not care for solemn suppositions printed in the newspapers when there is no real news in them. If there is any comet, we would like to see it with our eyes from the latitude and longitude of Madison Square; and until we do—excuse us, but we cannot accept it.

THE VALUE OF CHARITY.

NOT long ago there appeared in one of the daily papers some sound advice to those who would bestow charity on the homeless and the hungry. It scintillated with common-sense. It coruscated with admirable maxims as early morning frosts bediamond the window-panes. But, also like the frost, it sent forth a cold chill, and it doubtless troubled the heart of many a man and woman who had been awakened from selfishness long enough to think of some child of poverty who would have no turkey on Thanksgiving day.

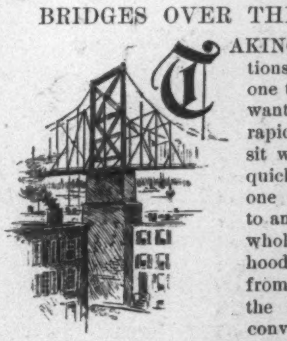
It is all very well to preach against indiscriminate charity, and to those who are inclined to benevolence the lesson is most valuable. There is too much careless giving, for charity no doubt often breeds mendicancy, and if there is to be giving it ought to be thoughtful, to the end that it may do good and not evil. Besides the charitably disposed, however, are those who are careless of the misfortunes of their neighbors, and those whose selfishness is rarely tempted to make a sacrifice for the happiness of their kind.

When such as these do a charity they are the important beneficiaries, and it is to them that the divine precept concerning the blessedness of giving applies. It matters little whether these give with discrimination or indiscrimination; their gifts are so few that they cannot work much harm. If the encouragement of begging depended on the occasionally and spasmodically generous, the trade would assuredly die out. It is well not to preach the cold truth to them, for they need little enough excuse for buttoning up their pockets. Let them open their hearts when they will, thoughtlessly or not, as it may chance. What good is done by them will be chiefly to themselves, and they will always, for a time at least, be the better for their improved opportunities.

In a few days the fashionable people of the city will dance at what they call a Charity Ball. This annual fête is often ridiculed by the heedless, who insist that not one in ten, perhaps not ten in the whole assembly, attend the function for its proclaimed object. Perhaps the very worst that can be said of these merrymakers—if that good Saxon term can be applied to our fashionable people—is true. Perhaps only the managers who have to distribute the money that is gained by the enterprise will remember the reason for the music, the flowers, the supper, and the brilliant throng. It is well enough that the event should have its object, nevertheless, for the managers at least will be benefited, and in such a case the proceeds are likely to be distributed in accordance with the calm wisdom of professional philanthropy.

At all events, charity should never be discouraged. Even in directing systematic giving into proper channels, care should be taken not to freeze any temporary glow of kindliness that may visit a usually unaccustomed heart.

BRIDGES OVER THE EAST RIVER.



TAKING moral and political questions out of consideration, the one thing that New York now wants above all other things is rapid transit. By rapid transit we do not mean merely a quick method of getting from one end of Manhattan Island to another, but rather that the whole metropolitan neighborhood shall be so united that from one part of it to any other the dwellers therein may be conveyed rapidly and in comfort. The present methods of taking people about in the city and its neighborhood have been very much improved within ten years past, but to-day they are lamentably inadequate to the demand. Men and women who have to travel to and from the business portion of the city in the mornings and the evenings are subjected to discomforts that sorely try amiability. Such a tax is not merely moral, but it is material, for a person in a bad humor has a less capacity for business, as well as being less agreeable at home. New York, within the geographical lines determined by the Legislature, is the greatest city in the country in wealth, in population, and in influence. But this circumscribed New York is only about half as large and important as New York actually is. To it belong nearly all the outlying towns in New Jersey and on Long Island. Without New York these towns would not amount to much, and without them New York would only be half as important as it is.

Of these towns, Brooklyn is more considerable than are the rest combined. New York is now, as everybody knows, connected with Brooklyn by several ferry lines and one bridge. This bridge, a public highway, has for long been overtaxed during those hours when the great majority of men and women wish to cross it. The ferries, too, are both overcrowded and difficult of approach. The bridge, which seemed so large an undertaking that the public was called upon to build it, has demonstrated the fact that it would be a paying investment for private capitalists to span the river with structures uniting the two chief towns of the State. In a recent article in the Weekly on "New Gateways to the Metropolis," the various schemes for uniting the island of Manhattan with Long Island on one side and New Jersey on the other were dwelt upon. Already work has been begun on one of the tunnels described in that article beneath the waters of the East River. Now the bridge plan, by which two structures, one from Williamsburg and one from Brooklyn—both to meet at Delancey Street and the Bowery—shall be built, is complete, with the exception of determining how high above low-water these structures shall be. All that those who propose to build the structures ask is that they shall not be required to leave a clear water space greater than that left by the existing bridge, which does not appear to have interfered with traffic and navigation. The opposition is rather formal than active, and the interests of all concerned may be safely left with the Board of Army Engineers, which has been asked to certify to the Secretary of War how high the bridge should be. If the Board determines that the bridges should be higher than the present bridge uniting New York and Brooklyn, then the present plans must be altered and the cost increased. Such a decision may delay the completion of these bridges, which would be a pity. They are badly needed, as well as other outlets, and it is to be hoped that no mere spirit of opposition to all new improvements may stand in the way.

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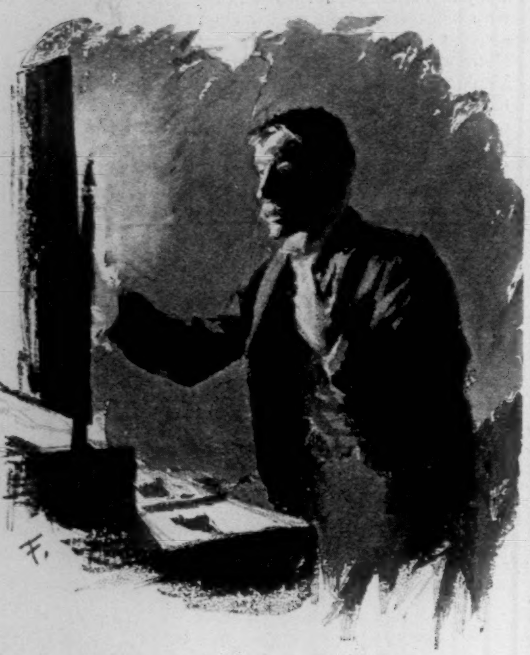
A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

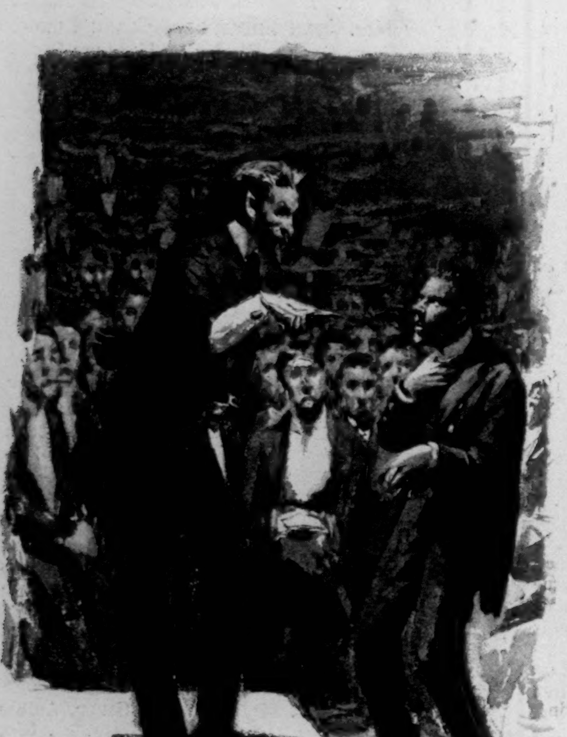
I DO not assert that what I am about to relate is in all its particulars absolutely true. Not, understand me, that it is not true, but I do not feel that I care to make an assertion that is more than likely to be received by a sceptical age with sneers of incredulity. I will content myself with a simple narration of the events of that evening, the memory of which is so indelibly impressed upon my mind, and which, were I able to do so, I should forget without any sentiments of regret whatsoever.

The affair happened on the night before I fell ill of typhoid fever, and is about the sole remaining remembrance of that immediate period left to me. Briefly the story is as follows:

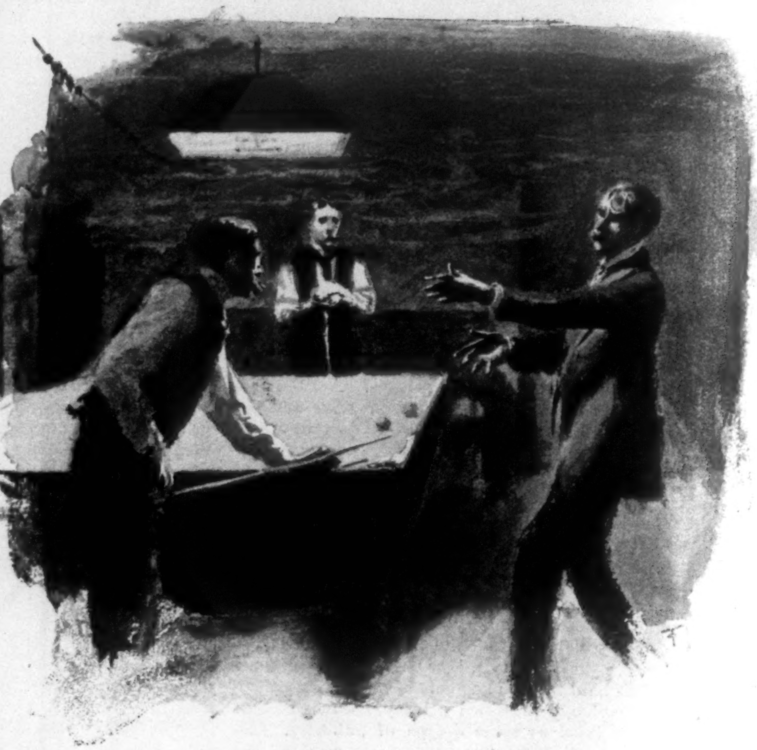


THE RED TIE.

Notwithstanding the fact that I was overworked in the practice of my profession—it was early in March, and I was preparing my contributions for the coming Christmas issues of the periodicals for which I write—I had accepted the highly honorable position of Entertainment Committeeman at one of the small clubs to which I belonged. I accepted the office, supposing that the duties connected with it were easy of performance, and with absolutely no notion that the faith of my fellow-committeemen in my judgment was so strong that they would ultimately manifest a desire to leave the whole programme for the club's diversion in my hands. This, however, they did, and when the month of March assumed command of the calendar I found myself utterly fagged out and at my wits' end to know what style of entertainment to provide for the club meeting to be held on the evening of the 15th of that month. I had provided already an unusually taking variety of evenings, of which one in particular, called the "Martyr's Night," in which living authors writhed through selections from their own works, while an inhuman audience, every man of whom had suffered even as the victims then suffered, sat on tenscore of camp-stools puffing the smoke of twenty-five score of free cigars into their faces, and gloating over their misery, was extremely successful, and had gained for me among my professional brethren the enviable title of "Machiavelli Junior." This performance, in fact, was the one now uppermost in the minds of the club members, having been the most recent of the series; and it had been prophesied by many men whose judgment was unassailable that no man, not even I, could ever conceive of anything that could surpass it. Disposed at first to question the accuracy of a prophecy to the effect that I was, like most others of my kind, possessed of limitations, I came finally to believe that perhaps, after all, these male Cassandras with whom I was thrown were right. Indeed, the more I racked my brains to think of something better than the "Martyr's Night," the more I became convinced that in that achievement I had reached the zenith of my powers. The thing for me to do now was to hook myself securely on to the zenith and stay there. But how to do it? That was the question which drove sleep from my eyes, and deprived me for a period of six weeks of my reason, my hair departing immediately upon the restoration thereof—a not uncommon after-symptom of typhoid.

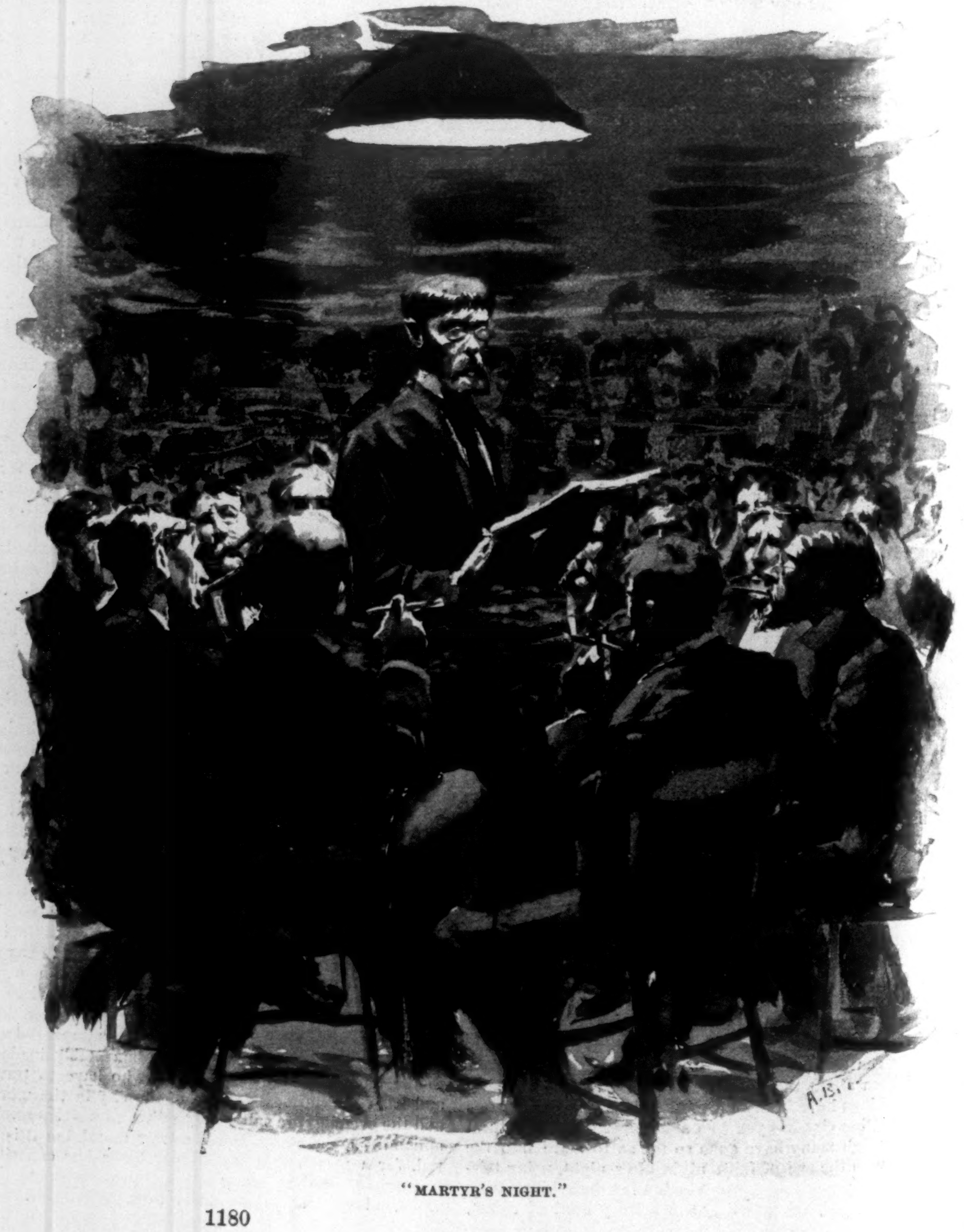


THE MIND-READING FEATS OF THE CLUB'S BUTLER.



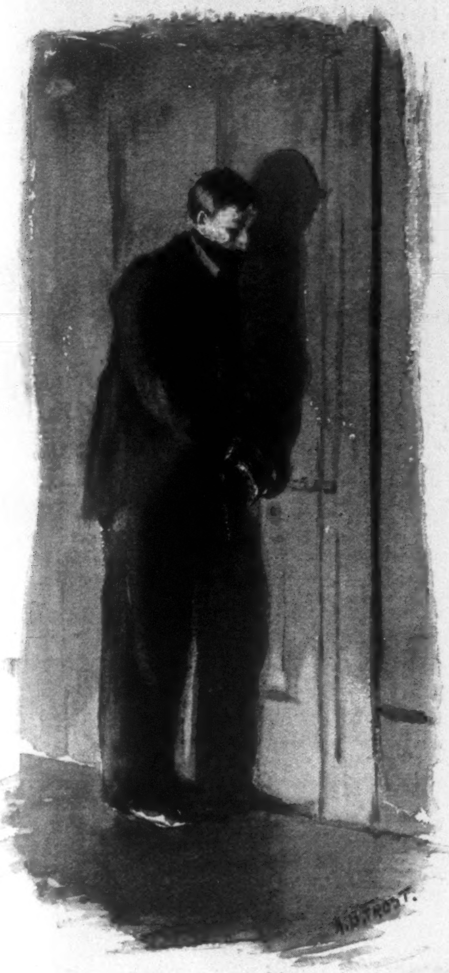
"GRAB HOLD OF ME, BOYS."

It was a typical March night, this one upon which the extraordinary incident about to be related took place. It was the kind of a night that novelists use when they are handling a mystery that in the abstract would amount to nothing, but which in the concrete of a bit of wild, weird, and windy nocturnalism sends the reader into hysterics. It may be—I shall not attempt to deny it—that had it happened upon another kind of an evening—a soft, mild, balmy June evening, for instance—my own experience would have seemed less worthy of preservation in the amber of publicity, but of that the reader must judge for himself. The fact alone remains that upon the night when my uncanny visitor appeared, the weather department was apparently engaged in getting rid of its remnants. There was a large percentage of withering blast in the general make-up of the evening; there were rain and snow, which alternated in pattering upon my window-pane and whitening the apology for a wold that stands three blocks from my flat on Madison Square; the wind whistled as it always does upon occasions of this sort, and from all corners of my apartment, after the usual fashion, there seemed to come sounds of a supernatural order, the effect of which was to send cold chills off on their regular trips up and down the spine of their victim—in this instance myself. I wish that at the time the hackneyed quality of these sensations had appealed to me. That it did



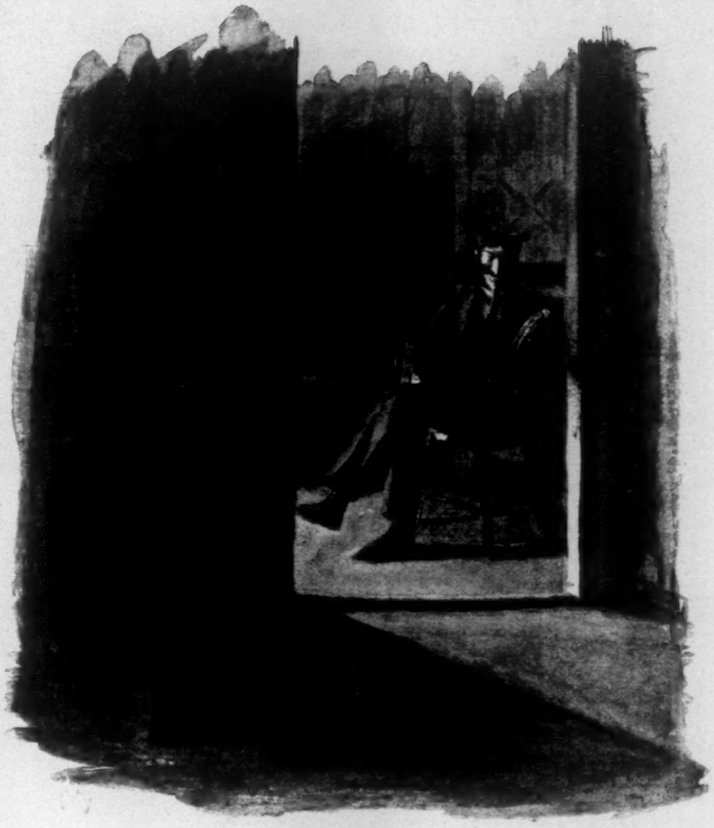
"MARTYR'S NIGHT."

not do so was shown in the highly nervous state in which I found myself as my clock struck eleven. If I could only have realized at that hour that these symptoms were the same old threadbare premonitions of the appearance of a supernatural being, I should have left the house and gone to the club, and so have avoided the visitation then imminent. Had I done this, I should doubtless also have escaped the typhoid, since the doctors attributed that misfortune to the shock of my experience, which in my then wearied state I was unable to sustain—and what the escape of typhoid would have meant to me only those who have seen the bills of my physician and druggist for services rendered and prescriptions compounded are aware. That my mind unconsciously took thought of spirits was shown by the fact that when the first chill came upon me I arose and poured myself out a stiff bumper of old Reserve Rye, which I immediately swallowed; but beyond this I did not go. I simply sat there before my fire and cudgelled my brains for an idea whereby my fellow-members at the Gutenberg Club might be amused. How long I sat there I do not know. It may have been ten minutes; it may have been an hour—I was barely conscious of the passing of time—but I do know that the clock in the Dutch Reformed Church steeple at Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue was clanging out the first stroke of the hour of midnight when my door-bell rang.



"DO YOU HEAR THAT BOLT SLIDE?"

Theretofore—if I may be allowed the word—the tintinnabulation of my door-bell had been invariably pleasing unto me. I am fond of company, and company alone was betokened by its ringing, since my creditors gratify their passion for interviews at my office, if perchance they happen to find me there. But on this occasion—I could not at the moment tell why—its clanging seemed the very essence of discord. It jangled with my nervous system, and as it ceased I was conscious of a feeling of irritability which is utterly at variance with my nature outside of business hours. In the office, for the sake of discipline, I frequently adopt a querulous manner, finding it necessary in dealing with office-boys, but the moment I leave shop behind me, I become a different individual entirely, and have been called a moteless sunbeam by those who have seen only that side of my character. This, by-the-way, must be regarded as a confidential communication, since I am at present engaged in preparing a vest-pocket edition of the philosophical works of Schopenhauer in words of one syllable, and were it known that the publisher had intrusted the magnificent pessimism of that illustrious juggler of words and theories to a "moteless sunbeam," it might seriously interfere with the sale of the work; and I may say, too, that this request that my confidence be respected is entirely disinterested, inasmuch as I declined to do the work on the royalty plan, insisting upon the payment of a lump sum, considerably in advance.



THE VISITOR ARRIVES.

But to return. I heard the bell ring with a sense of profound disgust. I did not wish to see anybody. My whiskey was low, my quinine pills few in number; my chills alone were present in a profusion bordering upon ostentation.

"I'll pretend not to hear it," I said to myself, resuming my work of gazing at the flickering light of my fire—which, by-the-way, was the only light in the room.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling," went the bell, as if in answer to my resolve.

"Confound the luck!" I cried, jumping from my chair and going to the door with the intention of opening it, which intention was speedily abandoned, for as I approached it a sickly fear came over me—a sensation I had never before known seemed to take hold of my being, and instead of opening the door, I pushed the bolt to make it the more secure.

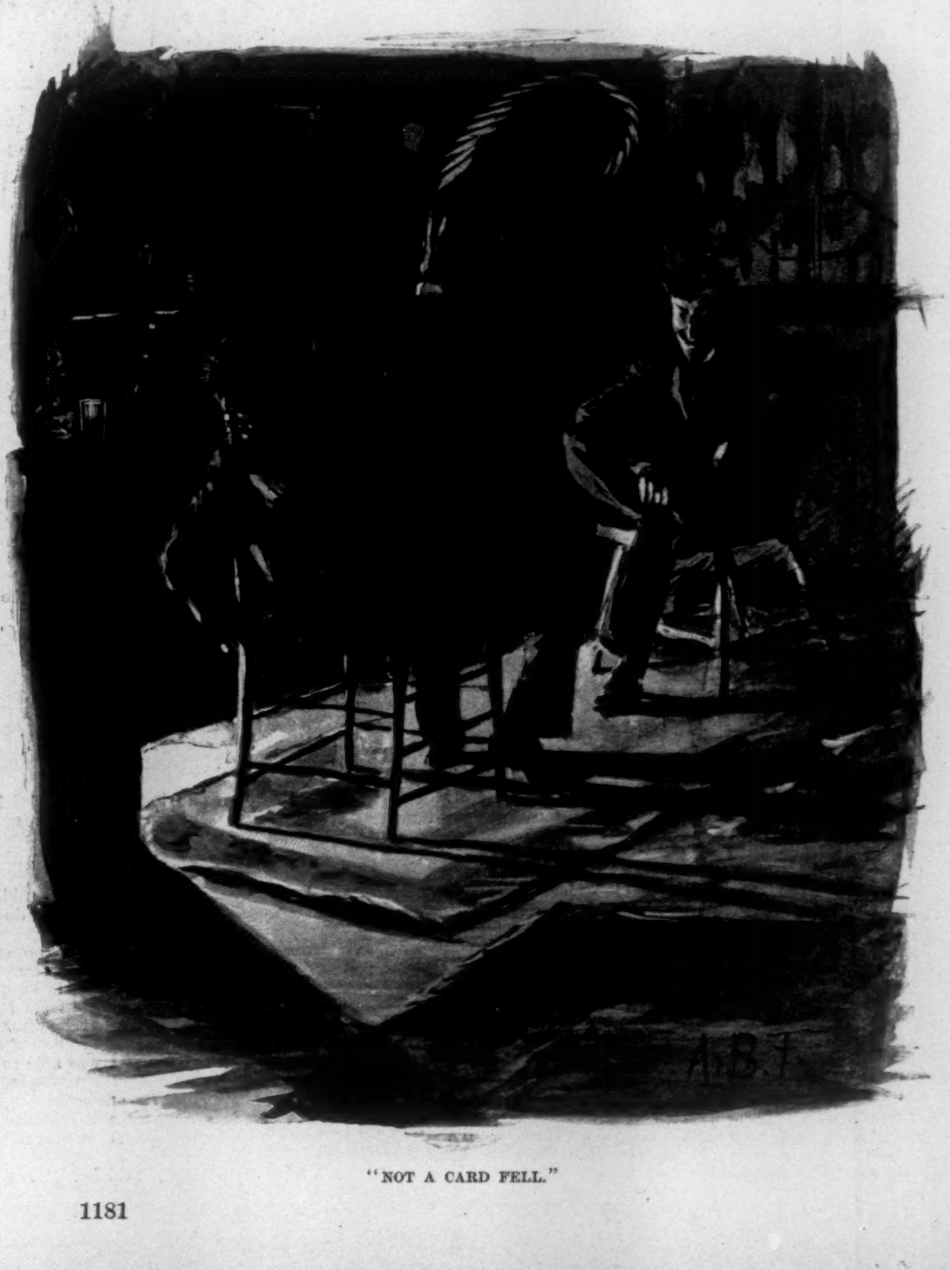
"There's a hint for you, whoever you are!" I cried. "Do you hear that bolt slide, you?" I added, tremulously, for from the other side there came no reply—only a more violent ringing of the bell.

"See here!" I called out, as loudly as I could, "who are you, anyhow? what do you want?"

There was no answer, except from the bell, which began again.

"Bell wire's too cheap to steal," I called again. "If you want wire, go buy it; don't try to pull mine out. It isn't mine anyhow. It belongs to the house."

"I MUST HAVE FAINTED."



"NOT A CARD FELL."

Still there was no reply, only the clanging of the bell; and then my curiosity overcame my fear, and with a quick movement I threw open the door.

"Are you satisfied now?" I said, angrily. But I addressed an empty vestibule. There was absolutely no one there, and then I sat down on the mat and laughed. I never was so glad to see no one in my life. My laugh was short-lived.

"What made that bell ring?" I suddenly asked myself, and then the feeling of fear came upon me again. I gathered my somewhat shattered self together, sprang to my feet, slammed the door with such force that the corridors echoed to the sound, slid the bolt once more, turned the key, moved a heavy chair in front of it, and then fled like a frightened hare to the sideboard in my dining-room. There I grasped the decanter holding my whiskey, seized a glass from the shelf, and started to pour out the usual dram, when the glass fell from my hand, and was shivered into a thousand pieces on the hard-wood floor; for, as I poured, I glanced through the open door, and there in my sanctum the flicker of a random flame divulged the form of a being, the eyes of whom seemed fixed on mine, piercing me through and through. To say that I was petrified but dimly expresses the situation. I was granitized, and so I remained, until by a more luminous flicker from the burning wood I perceived that the being wore a flaring red necktie.

"He is human," I thought; and with the thought the tension on my nervous system relaxed, and I was able to feel a sufficiently well-developed sense of indignation to demand an explanation. "This is a mighty cool proceeding on your part," I said, leaving the sideboard and walking into the sanctum.

"Yes," he replied, in a tone that made me jump, it was so extremely sepulchral—a tone that seemed as if it might have been acquired in a damp corner of some cave off the earth. "But it's a cool evening."

"I wonder that a man of your coolness doesn't hire himself out to some refrigerating company," I remarked, with a sneer which would have delighted the soul of Cassius himself.

"I have thought of it," returned the being, calmly. "But never went any further. Summer-hotel proprietors have always outbid the refrigerating people, and they in turn have been laid low by millionaires, who have hired me on occasion to freeze out people they didn't like, but who have persisted in calling. I must confess, though, my dear Hiram, that you are not much warmer yourself—this greeting is hardly what I expected."

"Well, if you want to make me warmer," I retorted, hotly, "just keep on calling me Hiram. How the deuce did you know of that blot on my escutcheon, anyhow?" I added, for Hiram was one of the crimes of my family that I had tried to conceal, my parents having fastened the name of Hiram Spencer Carrington upon me at baptism for no reason other than that my rich bachelor uncle, who subsequently failed and became a charge upon me, was so named.

"I was standing at the door of the church when you were baptized," returned the visitor, "and as you were an interesting baby, I have kept an eye on you ever since. Of course I knew that you discarded Hiram as soon as you got old enough to put away childish things, and since the failure of your uncle I have been aware that you desired to be known as Spencer Carrington, but to me you are, always have been, and always will be, Hiram."

"Well, don't give it away," I pleaded. "I hope to be famous some day, and if the American newspaper paragrapher ever got hold of the fact that once in my life I was Hiram, I'd have to Hiram to let me alone."

"That's a bad joke, Hiram," said the visitor, "and for that reason I like it, though I don't laugh. There is no danger of your becoming famous if you stick to humor of that sort."

"Well, I'd like to know," I put in, my anger returning—"I'd like to know who in Brindisi you are, what in Cairo you want, and what in the name of the seventeen hinges of the gates of Singapore you are doing here at this time of night?"

"When you were a baby, Hiram, you had eyes," said my visitor. "Bonny blue eyes, as the poet says."

"What of it?" I asked.

"This," replied my visitor. "If you have them now, you can very easily see what I am doing here. *I am sitting down and talking to you.*"

"Oh, are you?" I said, with fine scorn. "I had not observed that. The fact is, my eyes were so weakened by the brilliance of that necktie of yours that I doubt I could see anything—not even one of my own jokes. It's a scorcher, that tie of yours. In fact, I never saw anything so red in my life."

"I do not see why you complain of my tie," said the visitor. "Your own is just as bad."

"Blue is never as withering as red," I retorted, at the same time caressing the scarf I wore.

"Perhaps not—but—ah—if you will look in the glass, Hiram, you will observe that your point is not well taken," said my vis-à-vis, calmly.

I acted upon the suggestion, and looked upon my reflection in the glass, lighting a match to facilitate the operation. I was horrified to observe that my beautiful blue tie, of which I was so proud, had in some manner changed, and was now of the same aggressive hue as was that of my visitor, red even as a brick is red. To grasp it firmly in my hands and tear it from my neck was the work of a moment, and then in a spirit of rage I turned upon my companion.

"See here," I cried, "I've had quite enough of you. I can't make you out, and I can't say that I want to. You know where the door is—you will oblige me by putting it to its proper use."

"Sit down, Hiram," said he, "and don't be foolish and ungrateful. You are behaving in a most extraordinary fashion, destroying your clothing and acting like a madman generally. What was the use of ripping up a handsome tie like that?"

"I despise loud hues. Red is a jockey's color," I answered.

"But you did not destroy the red tie," said he, with a smile. "You tore up your blue one—look. There it is on the floor. The red one you still have on."

Investigation showed the truth of my visitor's assertion. That flaunting streamer of anarchy still made my neck infamous, and before me on the floor, an almost unrecognizable mass of shreds, lay my cherished cerulean tie. The revelation stunned me; tears came into my eyes, and trickling down over my cheeks, fairly hissed with the feverish heat of my flesh. My muscles relaxed, and I fell limp into my chair.

"You need stimulant," said my visitor, kindly. "Go take a drop of your Old Reserve, and then come back here to me. I've something to say to you."

"Will you join me?" I asked, faintly.

"No," returned the visitor. "I am so fond of whiskey that I never molest it. That act which is your stimulant is death to the rye. Never realized that, did you?"

"No, I never did," I said, meekly.

"And yet you claim to love it. Bah!" he said.

And then I obeyed his command, drained my glass to the dregs, and returned. "What is your mission?" I asked, when I had made myself as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances.

"To relieve you of your woes," he said.

"You are a homœopath, I observe," said I, with a sneer. "You are a homœopath in theory and an allopath in practice."

"I am not usually unintelligent," said he. "I fail to comprehend your meaning. Perhaps you express yourself badly."

"I wish you'd express yourself for Zululand," I retorted, hotly. "What I mean is, you believe in the *similia similibus* business, but you prescribe large doses. I don't believe troubles like mine can be cured on your plan. A man can't get rid of his stock by adding to it."

"Ah, I see. You think I have added to your troubles?"

"I don't think so," I answered, with a fond glance at my ruined tie. "I know so."

"Well, wait until I have laid my plan before you, and see if you won't change your mind," said my visitor, significantly.

"All right," I said. "Proceed. Only hurry. I go to bed early, as a rule, and it's getting quite early now."

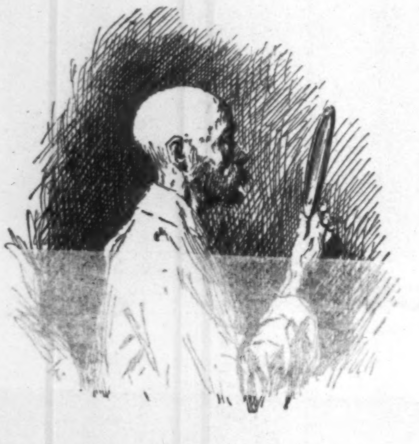
"It's only one o'clock," said the visitor, ignoring the sarcasm. "But I will hasten, as I've several other calls to make before breakfast."

"Are you a milkman?" I asked.

"You are flippant," he replied. "But, Hiram," he added, "I have come here to aid you in spite of your unworthiness. You want to know what to provide for your club spree on the 15th. You want something that will knock the 'Martyr's Night' silly."

"Not exactly that," I replied. "I don't want anything so abominably good as to make all the other things I have done seem failures. That is not good business."

"Would you like to be hailed as the discoverer of genius? Would you like to be the responsible agent for the greatest exhibition of skill in a certain direction ever seen? Would you like to become the most famous *impresario* the world has ever known?"



"Now," I said, forgetting my dignity under the enthusiasm with which I was inspired by my visitor's words, and infected more or less with his undoubtedly magnetic spirit—"now you're shouting."

"I thought so, Hiram. I thought so, and that's why I am here. I saw you on Wall Street to-day, and read your difficulty at once in your eyes, and I resolved to help you. I am a magician, and one or two little things have happened of late to make me want to prestidigitate in public. I knew you were after a show of some kind, and I've come to offer you my services."

"Oh, pshaw!" I said. "The members of the Gutenberg Club are men of brains—not children. Card tricks are hackneyed, and sleight-of-hand shows pall."

"Do they, indeed?" said the visitor. "Well, mine won't. If you don't believe it, I'll prove to you what I can do."

"I have no paraphernalia," I said.

"Well, I have," said he, and as he spoke, a pack of cards seemed to grow out of my hands. I must have turned pale at this unexpected happening, for my visitor smiled, and said:

"Don't be frightened. That's only one of my tricks. Now choose a card," he added, "and when you have done so, toss the pack in the air. Don't tell me what the card is; it alone will fall to the floor."

"Nonsense!" said I. "It's impossible."

"Do as I tell you."

I did as he told me, to a degree only. I tossed the cards in the air without choosing one, although I made a feint of doing so.

Not a card fell back to the floor. They every one disappeared from view in the ceiling. If it had not been for the heavy chair I had rolled in front of the door, I think I should have fled.

"How's that for a trick?" asked my visitor.

I said nothing, for the very good reason that my words stuck in my throat.

"Give me a little *crème de menthe*, will you, please?" said he, after a moment's pause.

"I haven't a drop in the house," I said, relieved to think that this wonderful being could come down to anything so earthly.

"Pshaw, Hiram!" he ejaculated, apparently in disgust. "Don't be mean, and, above all, don't lie. Why, man, you've got a bottle full of it in your hand! Do you want it all?"

He was right. Where it came from I do not know; but true enough the graceful slim-necked bottle was in my right hand, and my left held a liqueur-glass of exquisite form.

"Say," I said, as soon as I was able to speak, "what are your terms?"

"Wait a moment," he answered. "Let me do a little mind-reading before we arrange preliminaries."

"I haven't much of a mind to read to-night," I answered, wildly.

"You're right there," said he. "It's like a dime novel, that mind of yours to-night. But I'll do the best I can with it. Suppose you think of your favorite poem, and after turning it over in your mind carefully for a few minutes, select two lines from it, concealing them, of course, from me, and I will tell you what they are."

Now my favorite poem, I regret to say, is Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwock," a fact I was ashamed to confess to an utter stranger, so I tried to deceive him by thinking of some other lines. The effort was hardly successful, for the only other lines I could call to mind at the moment were from Rudyard Kipling's rhyme, "The Post that Fitted," and which ran,

> "Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boffin sits
> Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary fits."

"Humph!" ejaculated my visitor. "You're a great Hiram, you are."

And then rising from his chair and walking to my "poet's corner," the magician selected two volumes.

"There," said he, handing me the *Departmental Ditties*. "You'll find the lines you tried to fool me with at the foot of page thirteen. Look."

I looked, and there lay that vile Sleary sentiment, in all the majesty of type, staring me in the eyes.

"And here," added my visitor, opening *Alice in the Looking-Glass*—"here is the poem that to your mind holds all the philosophy of life:

> *"'Come to my arms, my beamish boy,*
> *He chortled in his joy.'"*

I blushed and trembled. Blushed that he should discover the weakness of my taste, trembled at his power.

"I don't blame you for coloring," said the magician. "But I thought you said the Gutenberg was made up of men of brains? Do you think you could stay on the rolls a month if they were aware that your poetic ideals are summed up in the 'Jabberwock' and 'Sleary's Fits'?"

"My taste might be far worse," I answered.

"Yes, it might. You might have stooped to liking some of your own verses. I ought really to congratulate you, I suppose," retorted the visitor, with a sneering laugh.

This roused my ire again.

"Who are you, anyhow, that you come here and take me to task?" I demanded, angrily. "I'll like anything I please, and without asking your permission. If I cared more for the *Peterkin Papers* than I do for Shakespeare, I wouldn't be accountable to you, and that's all there is about it."

"Never mind who I am," said the visitor. "Suffice to say that I am myself. You'll know my name soon enough. In fact, you will pronounce it involuntarily the first thing when you wake in the morning, and then—" Here he shook his head ominously, and I felt myself grow rigid with fright in my chair. "Now for the final trick," he said, after a moment's pause. "Think of where you would most like to be at this moment, and I'll exert my power to put you there. Only close your eyes first."

I closed my eyes and wished. When I opened them I was in the billiard-room of the Gutenberg Club with Perkins and Tompson.

"For Heaven's sake, Spencer," they said, in surprise, "where did you drop in from? Why, man, you are as white as a sheet. And what a necktie! Take it off!"

"Grab hold of me, boys, and hold me fast," I pleaded, falling on my knees in terror. "If you don't I believe I'll die."

The idea of returning to my sanctum was intolerably dreadful to me.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the magician, for even as I spoke to Perkins and Tompson I found myself seated opposite my infernal visitor in my room once more. "They couldn't keep you an instant with me summoning you back."

His laughter was terrible; his frown was pleasanter; and I felt myself gradually losing control of my senses.

"Go," I cried. "Leave me, or you will have the crime of murder on your conscience."

"I have no con—" he began; but I heard no more.

That is the last I remember of that fearful night. I must have fainted, and then have fallen into a deep slumber.

When I waked it was morning, and I was alone, but undressed and in bed, unconscionably weak, and surrounded by medicine bottles of many kinds. The clock on the mantel on the other side of the room indicated that it was after ten o'clock.

"*Great Beelzebub!*" I cried, taking note of the hour. "I've an engagement with Barlow at nine."

And then a sweet-faced woman, who, I afterwards learned, was a professional nurse, entered the room, and within an hour I realized two facts. One was that I had lain ill for many days, and that my engagement with Barlow was now for six weeks unfulfilled; the other, that my midnight visitor was none other than—

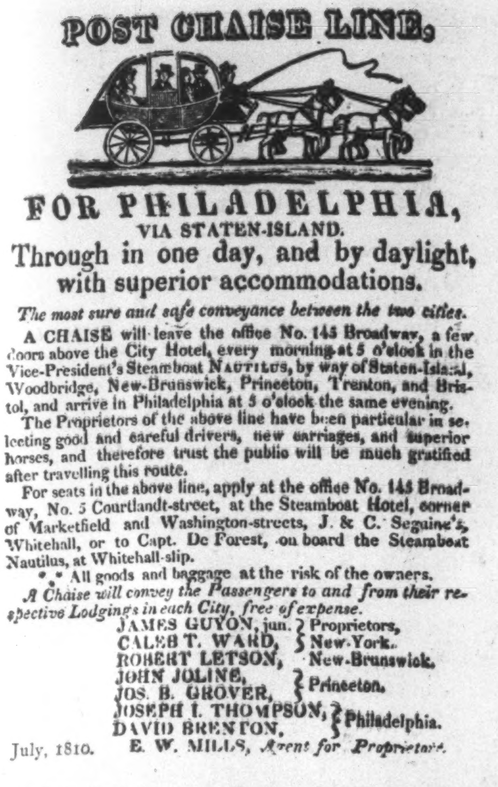
And yet I don't know. His tricks certainly were worthy of that individual; but Perkins and Tompson assert that I never entered the club that night, and surely if my visitor was Beelzebub himself he would not have omitted so important a factor of success as my actual presence in the billiard-room on that occasion would have been; and, besides, he was altogether too cool to have come from his reputed residence.

Altogether I think the episode most unaccountable, particularly when I reflect that while no trace of my visitor was discoverable in my room the next morning, as my nurse tells me, my blue necktie was in reality found upon the floor, crushed and torn into a shapeless bundle of frayed rags.

As for the club entertainment, I am told that, despite my absence, it was a wonderful success, redeemed from failure, the treasurer of the club said, by the voluntary services of a guest, who secured admittance on one of my cards, executing some sleight-of-hand tricks that made the members tremble, and whose mind-reading feats performed on the club's butler not only made it necessary for him to resign his office, but disclosed to the House Committee the whereabouts of several cases of rare wines that had mysteriously disappeared.

SOME VANDERBILT HOUSES.

"THE BREAKERS," the villa at Newport of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, was totally destroyed by fire the other day. This very beautiful and spacious house has ever since its erection on Ochre Point been one of the show places of a city and neighborhood famous for places of a like kind. When Mr. Pierre Lorillard built it, in 1880, it was the most remarked of all the houses in or about Newport, and was always looked at with wonder and admiration by the tourists who travelled along that highly esteemed public way, the Cliff Walk. It was purchased from Mr. Lorillard in 1885 by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for $400,000, and splendid though it then was its new owner spent something like



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The Proprietors of the above line have been particular in selecting good and careful drivers, new carriages, and superior horses, and therefore trust the public will be much gratified after travelling this route.

For seats in the above line, apply at the office No. 145 Broadway, No. 5 Courtlandt-street, at the Steamboat Hotel, corner of Marketfield and Washington-streets, J. & C. Seguine's, Whitehall, or to Capt. De Forest, on board the Steamboat Nautilus, at Whitehall-slip.

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DAVID BRENTON, } Philadelphia.
July, 1810. E. W. MILLS, *Agent for Proprietors.*

$200,000 in improvements. He then furnished the house sumptuously, covering the walls of the rooms with valuable paintings, and hanging in the halls most beautiful tapestries. Mr. Vanderbilt has also been a collector of bric-à-brac, and his Newport house was the repository of much that was rare and beautiful. The fire, it is thought, was caused by a defective flue, and shortly after its discovery the whole house was in a blaze. In a short time the house and its contents were totally destroyed, and little was left save bare and crumbling walls and chimneys. The pictures of the house as it was and of the ruins after the fire will convey a fuller idea than any description of the extent of the damage.

It is probably of small moment to the public, and small moment to Mr. Vanderbilt when he loses a few hundred thousand dollars. He is so rich that his fortune can stand many such blows without suffering. But when valuable works of art—paintings, bronzes, and tapestries—are destroyed, then there is a loss that cannot be replaced, and the public will feel as sorry as their owner that they have gone out of existence. The owner of a real work of art only holds it in a kind of trust for posterity, and in its safe-keeping the fame of the creating artist and the pleasure and profit of those yet not born are both concerned. There is no actual property in beauty, whatever the statutes may say, and the destruction of that which is beautiful is a public calamity.

Fires at Newport have not been uncommon, and it has generally been the case that when one of these summer villas catches fire its destruction is certain. It has been announced that Mr. Vanderbilt will rebuild on the same site. Whether he will build on the same plans or not has not been determined. "The Breakers," just destroyed, must not be confounded with the marble palace of which so much has been written in the last few years. The marble palace is the property of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt.

In this paper are given two views of the hotel in New Brunswick kept by the first Cornelius Vanderbilt, the "Commodore," and grandfather of the owner of "The Breakers." These pictures, contrasted with those of the Newport house, illustrate the wonderful growth in wealth and in other things of a family that started ever so humbly. The "Commodore" began life as a waterman, and his first venture as a proprietor was as the owner of a flat-bottomed boat then known as a "periauger." This he used in ferrying passengers and freight from Staten Island, where he was born. Thus he was in the beginning, as in the end, in the transportation business, out of which he made the many millions bequeathed to his children and grandchildren. When steam became the motive power for boats in the bay and in the rivers about New York, the "Commodore" was among the first to realize its vast importance. When a friend offered to assist him in starting a steamboat he sold his "periauger," and started out as the skipper of the steamboat *Bellona* that ran from New York to New Brunswick, New Jersey, on the high-road between New York and Philadelphia. He also bought the road tavern variously called "Bellona Hall" and "The Steamboat Hotel." This was kept by his wife while he ran the boat. In this old house, which still stands, as the pictures show it, were born ten of "Commodore" Vanderbilt's thirteen children, including his son William H. Vanderbilt, the father of the owners of "The Breakers" and the marble palace at Newport. In the steamboat line managed by the "Commodore," Governor Daniel D. Tompkins, twice Vice-President of the United States, became interested, and another boat, the *Nautilus*, was built and run over the same route. Fitz-Greene Halleck in one of his poems alluded to a trip on this line.

> "In a steamboat of the Vice-President's
> To Staten Island once, for fifty cents."

"Commodore" Vanderbilt did a thriving business with this line, and at "Bellona Hall," where passengers from New York to Philadelphia or Baltimore or Washington staid over all night. Dr. A. D. Newell, one of the oldest residents of New Brunswick, recalls those days perfectly. He recently said: "I remember once seeing eighteen four-horse stages in one string drive down Burnet Street under full whip to Bellona Hall. Mrs. Vanderbilt stood at the register-book there, indicating to her guests the way to their rooms, while Captain Cornele was ringing the bell at the wharf for such of the passengers as were booked for New York."

Another old resident, Mr. John De Mott, of Middlebush, New Jersey, now in his eightieth year, says that he remembers once to have counted forty-two four-in-hands, and other loaded vehicles of all sorts rushing to the steamboat dock to catch the *Bellona*. Though there was plenty of opposition, Cornelius Vanderbilt, who had already gained the popular title of Commodore, was very popular, and did the bulk of the business. It was here that he laid the foundation for the great Vanderbilt fortune, and acquired the means to embark in those larger ventures with which his name is identified.

The present bearers of the name and owners of the wealth are notably unostentatious, and are rather misjudged by the public. The first Vanderbilt founded the Vanderbilt University at Nashville in Tennessee, and endowed it; William H. Vanderbilt paid for bringing from Egypt the obelisk now in the Central Park, and the present Cornelius Vanderbilt established the club-house for the employés of the New York Central Railroad. In their benefactions the Vanderbilts are very retiring, and they give in so secret a way to public charities that no announcement is made of these deeds. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is of a religious disposition, and is much interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, in which he also participates. His younger brother, William K., is a sportsman and society man, and very active in such circles. Another brother, George, is a book-collector, and has gathered one of the best private libraries in this country. Down in North Carolina he is making a country place of greater extent than any ever planned in America. The work on his house and grounds there has for several years past given employment to thousands of North Carolina mountaineers, whose energies previously were exhausted in hunting squirrels and rabbits.

JAY GOULD.

JAY GOULD died on the 2d of December. This most extraordinary speculator and adventurer was born of poor and humble parents in Roxbury, Delaware County, New York, in 1836. His father was a small farmer, and at one time kept a country store, where produce was bartered for merchandise, and actual coin was rarely used as a means of exchange. The son worked on the farm, and helped in the store, and attended the village school, which was dignified with the title of Buckwood Seminary. He finished the scholastic part of his education when he was sixteen years old, and as a part of the closing exercises of the term which was to be his last, read an essay entitled, "Honesty is the Best Policy."

About this man, who has never been a great talker, and has always been particularly reticent in regard to his business and personal affairs, there have been printed in the newspapers innumerable stories which bear falsehood on their face. The writer had occasion some time since to examine a large number of clippings made from the New York papers within a space of three or four years. It was interesting to notice how in time an innocent little story would grow. A paragraph giving a fact about Mr. Gould, with the saving clause prefixed, "It is said," would be printed in one of the great dailies. It would take a trip around the country, and each new writer would find something to add. The little "stickful" has grown into a sensational column and a half, and more history about Mr. Gould has been recorded. So much of doubtful truth has been written that it is better perhaps to abandon the idea of writing a picturesque biography of Mr. Gould, and in this instance at least to adhere strictly to plain facts.

When Jay Gould at sixteen left school, he became clerk, porter, and errand-boy in his father's store. He only remained a little while with his father, and then hired himself to another country storekeeper some two miles away from his father's place. Here he occupied all his leisure in studying bookkeeping and land-surveying. He must have easily mastered the principles of bookkeeping, for he is said to have been wonderfully skilful in fathoming the depths of accounts and making clear the mysteries of ledgers. Some land-surveyors about this time were making a survey of Delaware and the adjacent counties for the purpose of making and selling maps. Gould went into their employ. Before the work was finished, he bought out the surveyors, completed the maps himself, and together with a *History of Delaware County* which he had written and printed, he peddled them in person from farm to farm. This first independent venture was successful, and he now had a little money of his own. The buying and selling of a tract of land augmented this capital, and enabled him to join with Colonel Zadoc Pratt in establishing a tannery in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania.

Before starting on the journey to Pennsylvania Mr. Gould paid a short visit to New York city. While working in the country stores, surveying his county, and peddling his maps, his ingenious and active mind needed other employment, so he used it in devising a mouse-trap. With the model of this mouse-trap he first came to New York to find a purchaser for the patent rights. He did not succeed in doing what he wished, so he joined Colonel Pratt in Luzerne County, and began the erection of the tannery. This was finished, and in a little while they had leather to sell. Gould kept the books and acted as salesman. In the latter capacity he had to come to New York pretty often, and he made acquaintances among the merchants and leather-dealers. He was not yet twenty-one years of age.

His partner in the tannery became dissatisfied, and Gould bought him out, borrowing the money for the purpose. The persons from whom the money was borrowed also became dissatisfied, and demanded payment. This not being made, they seized the tannery in Gould's absence, and barricaded it for defence against all comers. Young Gould was now having his first real contest for the possession of a property. He organized an attacking party, and captured the tannery after a stubborn fight. He removed all the leather out of the State before his assailants could take legal action to restrain him, and sold the leather to get money to carry on the fight in the courts. He soon found the law's delay too much for his patience and his pocket, so he abandoned the tannery and came to New York, which has ever since been his home.

During his visits to this city to sell leather he had met, among other merchants, a Mr. Miller, a man of some means, who had taken a fancy to the young man. Mr. Miller now took him to board at his house, and there he met Miss Helen Day Miller, the lady who, after a brief courtship, became his wife. It cannot be that Mr. Gould came to New York without money. Had that been so, he would certainly not have married as quickly as he did. He was at first a broker in a small way. He must have impressed his father-in-law with the idea that he was a particularly shrewd and capable young man, for Mr. Miller put into his hands a large block of the stock of the Rutland and Washington Railroad. This stock had never paid dividends, and Mr. Gould was instructed to look into the matter, and try and find a purchaser. He did look into the affairs of the company, but he did not attempt to sell. Instead of that he bought a controlling interest of the stock at a merely nominal price, and all of the bonds at ten cents on the dollar. It is to be presumed that in this transaction he had the assistance of his wife's father. When, however, he was next heard from he had reorganized the road, with himself as president, and had become a railroad man. Twenty years or more later, when he was a witness before a Congressional committee which was inquiring into the business morality and legality of dealing in futures, Mr. Gould said that he had been dealing in futures all his life. He referred to his first transaction when he was just turned of age, and said that he had bought the stock and bonds of the Rutland and Washington because he believed in the future of the property, and he added, "I sold the bonds at par, and the stock at 125."

At any rate, this operation attracted attention to the young man, who by this single stroke must have made what he then considered a fortune. He soon entered into the brokerage business with the firm of Smith, Gould, & Martin, and the firm did a considerable business.

This business was continued for some years, Mr. Gould all the while growing in the esteem of Wall Street people as an uncommonly shrewd man. Then came his connection with that peculiarly picturesque adventurer "Jim" Fisk, who during his brief but notable career in the financial and business circles of the metropolis sent up more sky-rockets and displayed more general pyrotechnic skill than had been seen before or has been seen since his time. Gould and Fisk and Daniel Drew—known during his time variously as the "Deacon" and as "Uncle Daniel"—made a campaign to secure control of the Erie Railway Company. They accomplished their object by one means and another, and Mr. Gould was first Treasurer and then President of the company. During this administration of the Erie Company, Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the great fortune which his grandchildren are now enjoying, attempted to get a majority of the stock, and in that way the control. The capital was supposed to be so much. He bought shares till he had more than half, and felt secure; but he counted without the consent of the powers in control of the property and of its corporate seal. Stock seemed to be as plentiful after his purchases as before. He could not at first understand it, but it all was made plain when he learned that the officers were issuing more stock as fast as there was a demand for it. The limit of the stock only seemed to be that of the printing-presses which were turning it out. Gould and his party fled to Jersey City, so as to be outside the jurisdiction of the New York courts, and calmly defied the old commodore. Some kind of a compromise was effected, and Gould retained control till the company was so involved that the succeeding receivers and presidents have been unable even till now to make the property earn a dividend on the stock.

It was during the Gould administration of Erie that that speculation in gold was started which resulted in the financial panic known all over the country as Black Friday. The Stock Exchange closed its doors, and nearly all the banks stopped payment. Hundreds of fortunes were wiped out as though with a sponge. Mr. Gould escaped by accepting those contracts which were favorable to him, and by receiving some others in his official capacity as Treasurer of the Erie Railway.

His next campaign as a dealer in railways was with the Wabash system of railroads. He got control here, and after effecting a reorganization which increased the capital stock and also the bonded debt, sold them out. It is related of him at this time that an associate said to him,

"Mr. Gould, don't you think you are bonding this much higher than the property will stand?"

"That may be," he answered, "but the American people are mighty partial to bonds."

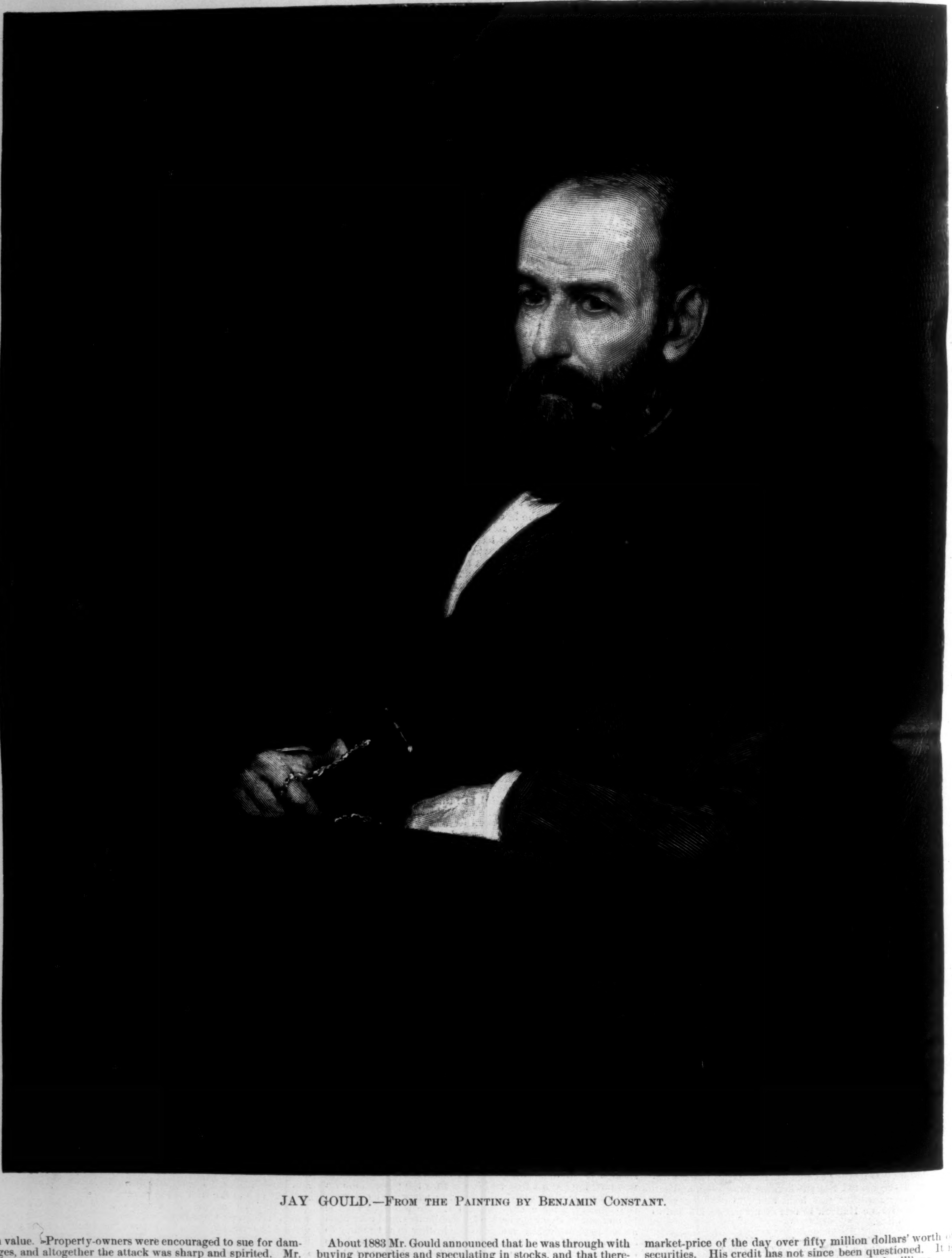
Years later he got control of the Wabash, but he could not induce the public to go in again, and the property was turned over to the courts in the interest of the bondholders.

One of his favorite methods about this time was to buy a road here and a road there—he usually did not buy at a high figure—and uniting them in one company, retire the securities, and issue a very much larger amount in their place. He would sell his share while there was a demand for the new securities. He has been known to juggle in this way with the same properties two or three times in succession.

His raid on Union Pacific probably netted him a larger profit in a short period than any of his other operations. He bought largely of Union Pacific, and was taken into the directory. He then bought a controlling interest in Kansas Pacific, a road which had been waging war on the Union Pacific, and had become practically bankrupt in the contest. He calmly proposed that the two roads be united, the shares and bonds to be rated as of equal value. His proposition was declined at once. Now he bought Commodore Garrison's controlling interest in Missouri Pacific at an enormous price, and also from Oakes Ames a controlling interest in the Central Branch of the Union Pacific. He informed the Union Pacific directors that he should unite Missouri Pacific, Kansas Pacific, and the Central Branch, and extend west with a new line. There was a panic among the Union Pacific people, and they agreed that they would take from Mr. Gould his contracts with Garrison and Ames at the price he had paid, and give him par for his stock and bonds in the Kansas Pacific. It has been computed that Mr. Gould made not less than $10,000,000 by this transaction. If this be so, the Union Pacific stockholders must have lost this sum. This transaction came back to Mr. Gould many years later when he was threatened with an indictment for the way he disposed of some of the bonds held in trust jointly by him and Russell Sage. The statute of limitations prevented the indictment and the trial of the case.

Mr. Gould's method of getting control of the Western Union Telegraph Company seems simplicity itself when reviewed historically, but it bothered a good many clever people while it was in operation. He started a company and laid an Atlantic cable. His land lines were cheaply built, and went from one large city to another where the business was heavy. He made the rates low, and of course cut into the Western Union business to a serious extent. The Western Union officials laughed at first, but their profits rapidly decreased, and the stock depreciated in the market. One fine morning it was announced that the two companies had been united, and that Mr. Gould had control of Western Union. He has kept this ever since, and though there have been several efforts to play a similar game by building telegraph lines by other persons, none of these attempts has succeeded.

He also succeeded shortly afterwards in getting control of the elevated roads in New York. At that time he owned one daily paper in New York, and hired another. These papers day by day berated the elevated roads as a nuisance against property rights and as dangerous structures. It was maintained that they were not safe to travel on, that from an engineering stand-point they were very rapidly going down



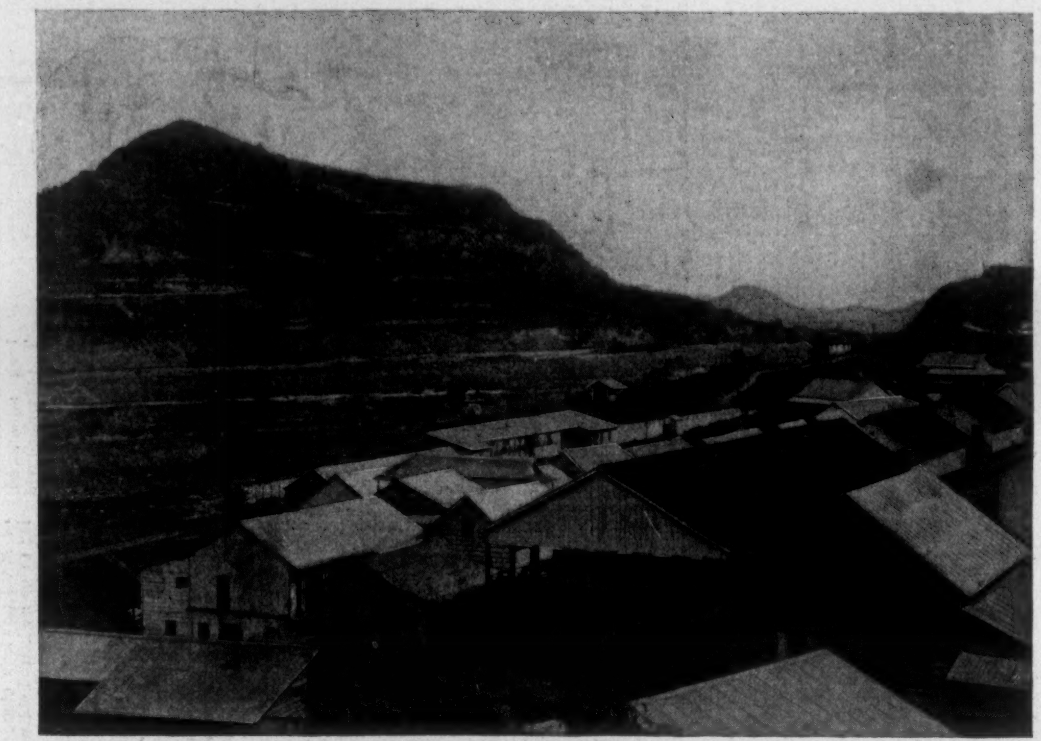
JAY GOULD.—FROM THE PAINTING BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

in value. Property-owners were encouraged to sue for damages, and altogether the attack was sharp and spirited. Mr. Gould's purchases of the stock must have been skilfully concealed, for when it was announced that he had secured control, there was a genuine surprise among the speculators, and the shares rose seventeen per cent. in one day. He has also held on to this property, and, indeed, has increased his holdings by buying the late Mr. Cyrus W. Field's shares, at a price much below the market quotation, when that gentleman needed money very badly.

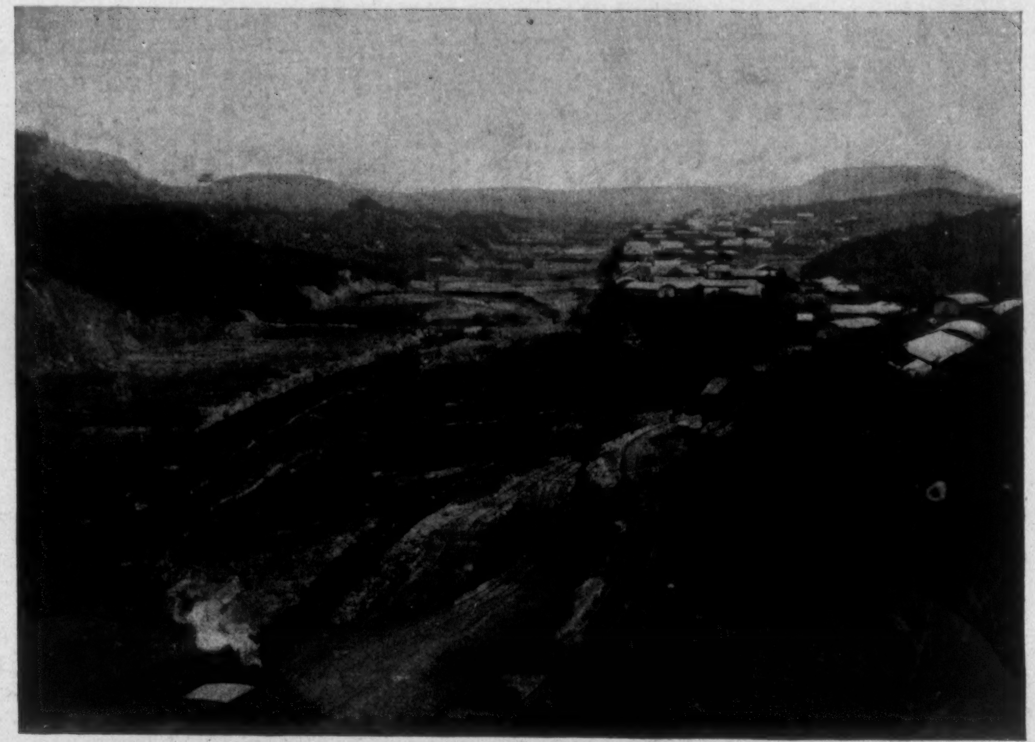
His favorite property, however, has for many years appeared to be the Missouri Pacific system. The original road, which he bought from Commodore Garrison at $750 per share, and turned over to the Union Pacific at the same price, he afterwards bought at a very much lower figure. He has extended it, and united other roads to it, until it goes thousands of miles in the South and Southwest.

About 1883 Mr. Gould announced that he was through with buying properties and speculating in stocks, and that thereafter he should attend to the properties he had acquired and enjoy himself. He had a magnificent steam-yacht built—the *Atalanta*—and made preparations for a trip abroad. This trip was delayed for some time. The condition of affairs became precarious, and money was tight. Some of the bolder bears attacked his stocks, and at last they congratulated themselves that they had the better of him; they indeed charged that he was little better than bankrupt. Mr. Gould then did the one theatrical thing in all his life. He sent for the reporters and some bankers. He said that he had heard imputations against his credit. He acknowledged that he had borrowed large sums in good collaterals, but he protested that his safe was not empty yet. He then directed that his stocks and bonds be brought forth. It was a big job. When the inventory was taken, it was found that he still had at the market-price of the day over fifty million dollars' worth of securities. His credit has not since been questioned. It is thought that his fortune exceeds one hundred millions.

Mr. Gould has always been a very quiet family man, and has been happy in his home life. In 1888 he lost his wife, an excellent woman, who spent her time in educating her children and in deeds of charity. Her body was put away in the Grecian mausoleum which he caused to be erected in Woodlawn Cemetery several years before. They had six children—four boys and two girls. The two elder boys were in business with their father, participating and assisting in his work. George, the eldest son, it is thought, will inherit the bulk of the fortune. This young man married Miss Edith Kingdon, an actress, in 1886, and has a growing family. Miss Helen Gould, when her mother died, took her place in the family, and has continued that lady's benevolences. The younger sons and younger daughter are yet children.

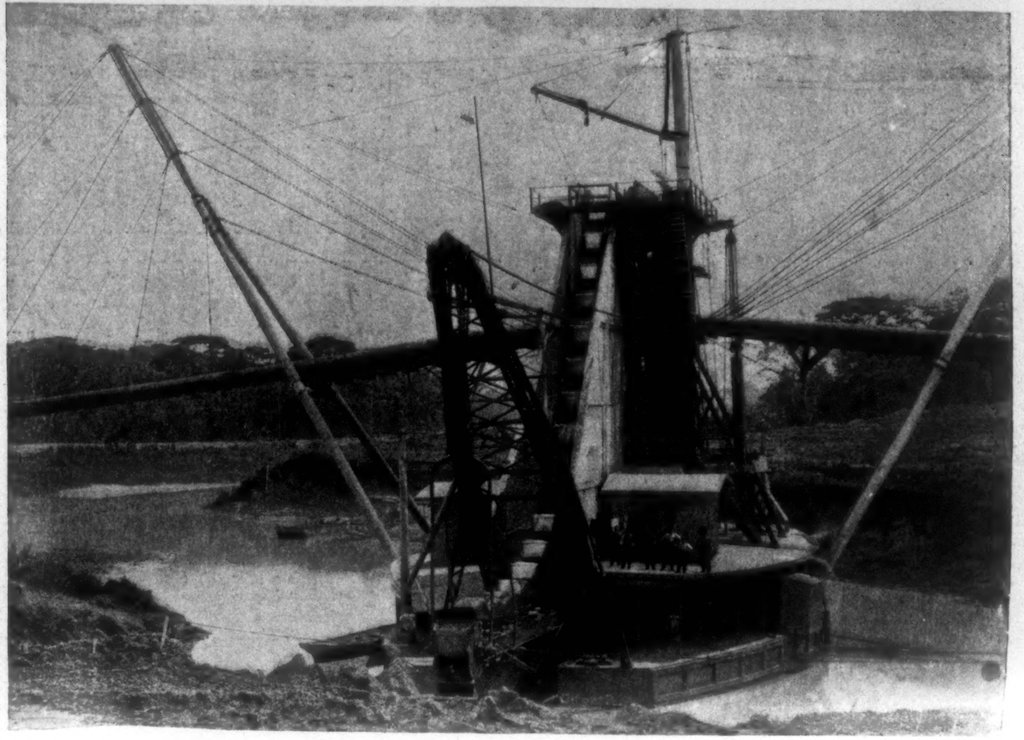


THE CULEBRA CUT.



FROM THE HIGH POINT AT BAS OBISPO—SHOWING LINE OF CANAL PARTIALLY EXCAVATED.

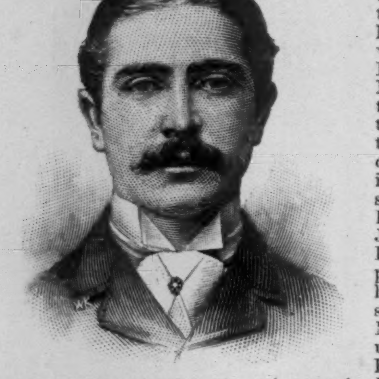
THE LAST DRIVE OF THE DREDGING-MACHINE AT THE MINDI CUT.



THE "CITY OF PARIS" DREDGING-MACHINE.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PANAMA CANAL.—From Photographs.—[See Page 1186.]

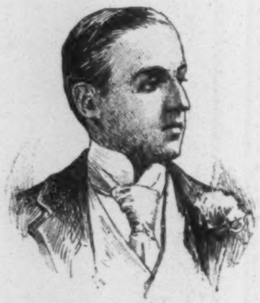
PERSONAL.



The engagement of Mr. **Foxhall Keene**, the well-known cross-country rider, to Mrs. **Frank Worth White** has been announced. The marriage will take place early in this month, and the couple will leave shortly afterward for Melton, England, where Mr. **Keene** has taken a house for the winter in order to take part in the cross-country riding in Leicestershire. **Foxhall Keene** is a son of **James R. Keene**. He has long been prominent in the higher order of sporting circles. Mr. **Keene**, while undergraduate at Harvard, was captain of the polo club, champion tennis-player, and a good all-round athlete. His best-known athletic work was done on the polo field, when he was captain of the Rockaway team, which held the championship for years.

—The following autograph letter from the Prime-Minister of England to Mr. **Douglas Campbell** will be of interest to all Americans, and particularly to those who have read Mr. **Campbell**'s book, *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America*. The letter is published with the consent of Mr. **Gladstone**, and is a fitting answer to some of Mr. **Campbell**'s critics, who have charged him with an undue bias against England, and an inclination, in the language of the London *Times*, to abuse her institutions past and present:

> Hawarden Castle, Chester, *Oct. 17th, '92.*
>
> My dear Sir,—It happened that I opened your work and read the deeply interesting preface before I had seen your letter, and ascertained to whom I owed the gift. Allow me now to offer you the special thanks it so well deserves.
>
> The English race (I am a pure Scotchman) are a great fact in the world, and I believe will so continue; but no race stands in greater need of discipline in every form, and, among other forms, that which is administered by criticism vigorously directed to canvassing their character and claims. Under such discipline I believe they are capable of a great elevation and of high performances, and I thank you partly in anticipation, partly from the experience already had, for taking this work in hand, while I am aware that it is one collateral and incidental to your main purpose.
>
> Puritanism again is a great fact in history, exhibiting so many remarkable and noble traits. It may, perhaps, be liable to the suspicion of a want of durability. During the last century it seems to have undergone in various quarters much disintegration; and it is difficult to connect it historically with the divorce law of Connecticut. But I am wandering into forbidden ground, which my qualifications do not entitle me to tread, and I will close with expressing my sense of the value and importance of a work like yours, and of the benefit which we in particular ought to derive from it. I remain, dear sir, your most faithful and obedient,
>
> W. E. Gladstone.
>
> Douglas Campbell, Esq.,
> *Auchinbreck, Cherry Valley, New York.*



—The new Duke of Marlborough attained his majority last week. Under the mournful circumstances in which he is now placed there were no observances beyond private congratulations. It is understood that next year, when the period of mourning is past, he will use the occasion of taking his seat in the House of Lords to give fêtes to the tenantry at Blenheim. The late Duke, so the story goes, did not like dogs, and when he married Mrs. **Hammersley**, who had a pet pug, it was decided that the animal, who was getting old, should be left behind in the States and "boarded out." Some £300 is spent annually on the dog, whose home is in Philadelphia. It is, according to a local paper, bathed every other day in hot milk and fed with chopped steak. It wears a blanket out-of-doors. Its kennel has divisions for sleeping, eating, and bathing, the sides being of glass.

Music and Drama

The most important of recent dramatic events was the inauguration of Mr. Daly's season of old comedies, with a revival of Sheridan Knowles's very favorite play in five acts, *The Hunchback*. Speaking generally, the revival of this in many respects delightful old comedy was very successful, and augurs well for the future productions in the series. A faint perfume as of dead roses in our grandmother's rose-bowls; a shadowy, indistinct unreality as of the fading figures of an old tapestry, seemed to hang over the performance of *The Hunchback* witnessed last week. As a playwright Sheridan Knowles seems to form, as it were, a connecting link between the old school of dramatic writing, as represented by Sheridan and his predecessors, and the new one as exemplified by Bulwer Lytton and his followers. There is, indeed, perhaps a more distinct old-time flavor to *The Hunchback* than there is to the *Rivals*. This lately revived play of Knowles is instinct with the true spirit of Shakespearian comedy; its diction, refined and polished to the extreme point of finish, is conspicuously unmodern, and its construction and action, while from a purely dramatic stand-point admirable, are none the less distinctively old-fashioned, with all the courtly grace and somewhat stilted social usage of the olden time. Modern playwrights may well copy the continued and cumulative interest, and the logical construction and development, of Mr. Knowles's best-known play; but it is a matter of congratulation that they do not need to copy its somewhat prolix metaphor and high-flown sentimentality in dialogue and expression. All of Mr. Knowles's characters are familiar types, as familiar to us as household words from their reiterated use by every dramatist since his time, and yet, with the exception of Master Walter and Helen, they hardly strike one to-day as real people. They move across the stage, as seen in the light of modern realism, somewhat like reflections of personages and people that might have been, rather than representatives of people that actually were.

Sheridan's *Rivals* is almost as old-fashioned in type and treatment as is *The Hunchback*, and yet we do not feel with regard to Sir Anthony Absolute and Mrs. Malaprop, or still less, Bob Acres, the same uneasy consciousness of an almost undefinable want of reality which suggests itself to us in seeing Sir Thomas Clifford, Julia, or Master Walter. Throughout the performance of *The Hunchback*, as given by Mr. Daly's players, one could not get rid of this feeling of unreality, as if the whole play was make-believe, and the actors themselves felt it to be so. While not being exactly out of the picture, neither the actions nor motives of the personages or of the dramatist as there interpreted carried any conviction. This may be due to the play itself, or to the players themselves; more probably, however, to the latter. It requires, indeed, unusual versatility on the part of actors familiar with the slap-dash, rough-cut methods of modern farce-comedy to suddenly assume the repose and finish of method which are requisite for an adequate delineation of the characters of these old comedies. As a matter of fact, the school of acting which not only interpreted, but which may be said to have been the primal cause of such comedies, has now almost entirely disappeared. With that spirit of existence which hustles, bustles, and worries through life at railroad speed as a predominating influence, it was inevitable almost that it should so disappear. At the present time we are content to dispense with a great deal of refinement and a great many of the amenities of life so long as that life shall be brisk and full of action. In other words, we prefer movement, continuous, spirited, and unflagging, to repose, however graceful or artistic. It is doubtful at the present day whether the material could be gathered together for an absolutely faithful reproduction of these old comedies. But while we are thus liable to miss much of the finish and detail, we can still secure a pretty faithful reproduction, at least of outline, and, what is more to the point, enjoy it; for Mr. Daly's revival of *The Hunchback* is certainly most enjoyable.

Of all the artists engaged in this revival Mr. George Clark as Master Walter, and Miss Isabel Irving as Helen, best caught and reproduced the spirit of the time and play. Mr. Clark, indeed, was wholly admirable, while Miss Irving might have stepped right from the frame of some old family portrait without apparent anachronism or lack of appropriateness. As Julia, Miss Ada Rehan, albeit a trifle over-lachrymose at times, looked winsome, and was altogether charming; but she was a Julia rather *fin de siècle* than old-time. Mr. Bourchier was evidently ill at ease as Sir Thomas, and made the audience feel that he was, and, furthermore, did not exhibit any indication of being to any marked degree in touch with the spirit of old comedy. The rest of the cast was at least unobtrusive, and did nothing to mar the representation if they did not overmuch to absolutely help it. Mr. William Gilbert, however, played the small part of Fathom with much dry humor and pictorial effect, and was noticeably good. But, as has been said above, the somewhat unsatisfied feeling which one could not dismiss might be justly attributable to the play itself as much as, if not more than, to the players. That Mr. Knowles's play is still given to-day in spite of its somewhat stilted sentiment, redundant metaphor, and prolix dialogue, is due to the fact that paternal love is the mainspring of action, and the motivating factor of the play. And this distinctively human emotion, which is as old as the world, and yet in its many-sided variety and power of attracting the sympathies of an audience is ever fresh and ever new, will probably secure for *The Hunchback* an occasional hearing with certain audiences as long as the stage remains as it now is. It is this same motive of action which made Byron's *Our Boys* probably the most successful comedy of its kind ever written. After having run for sixteen hundred consecutive nights in London, this perennial comedy has been recently revived, and is again being played with unabated popularity to houses so crowded that it would almost seem to indicate a repetition of its former phenomenal run.

Reginald de Koven.

THE PANAMA CANAL CRISIS IN FRANCE.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

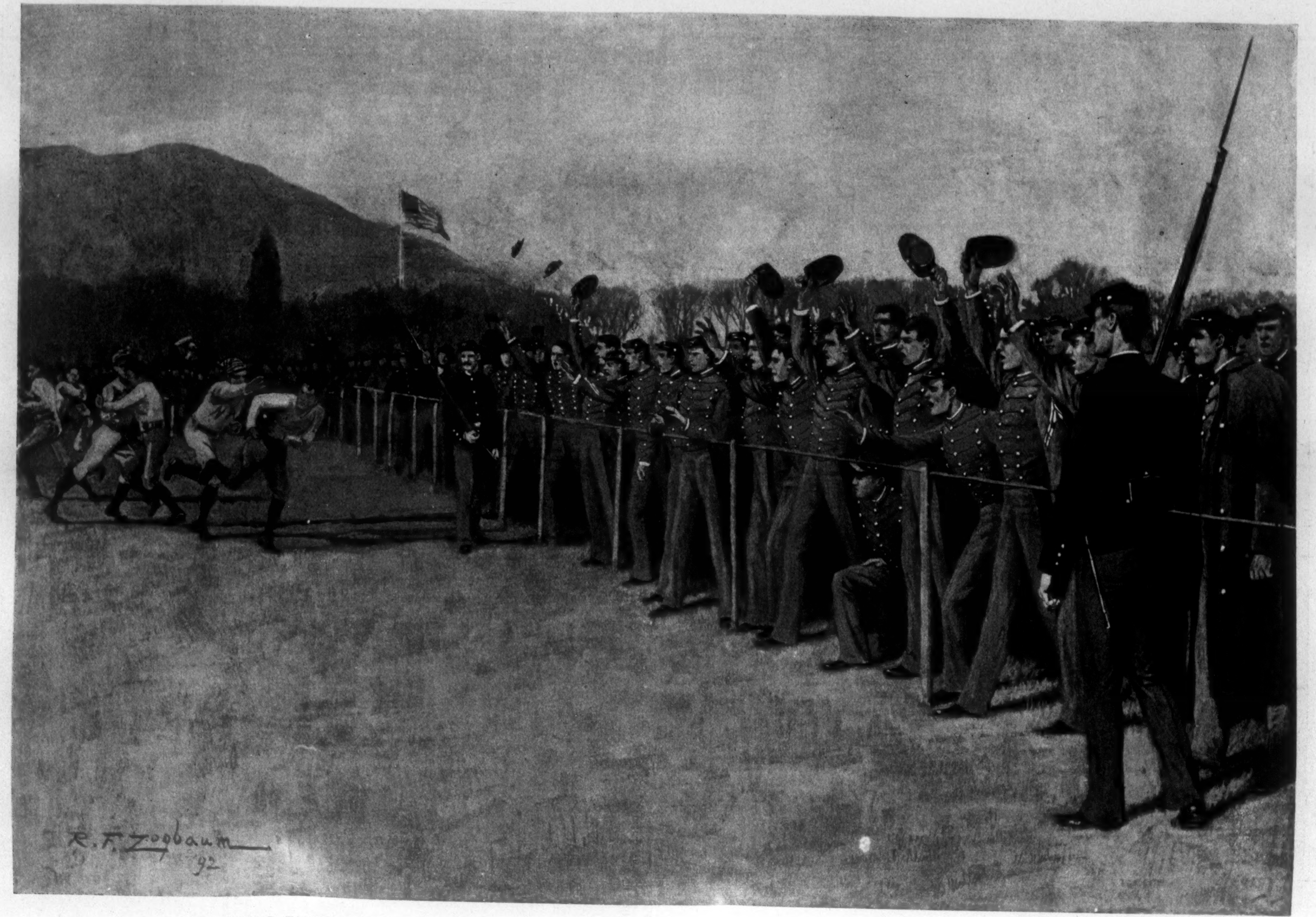
The discussion and investigation regarding the building of the canal through the Isthmus of Panama have brought about a serious crisis in the political affairs of France. The ministry has fallen, and the President of the republic has found it difficult to get any one to take up the work which in M. Loubet's hands was found unacceptable to the French people. The French people are immensely patriotic, and they give support to any enterprise that seems to add either glory or profit to their country in an enthusiastic way, whether it be to support a war, to pay the debt incurred by a war, or to build some great work that would add to the importance of France among the nations of the earth. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the promoter of the canal across the Isthmus of Panama, had abundant experience of the temperament of his people, for it was he who projected the canal across the Isthmus of Suez, and successfully carried through an enterprise that so much shortened the journey from western Europe to India and the East. The next natural problem in shortening the waterways of the world was that a canal should be dug in some narrow place of the American continent. Panama was the narrowest place, and, all conditions being equal, the fittest place for such a canal. It was not unnatural, either, that De Lesseps should have been looked upon as the most proper person to be the father of such an undertaking. With the preliminary steps the readers of this paper are to a large extent familiar. Surveys and reports were made, and concessions obtained, and De Lesseps formed his company. This great promoter endeavored with all his arts to interest Americans in his work, but in this regard he failed in every way, except to get American contractors to do at paying prices much of the work that has been accomplished.

M. de Lesseps is not an engineer. He began his public career as a diplomat, and he first became known to the world at large as the promoter of the Suez Canal. It is as a promoter that he has won the fame that secured him a seat in the French Academy. The popular idea is that he was the engineer of the Suez Canal and the engineer of the Panama Canal, and therefore professionally responsible for the estimates of cost of the Panama Canal. Certainly De Lesseps's experience might have prevented him from being deceived by others in regard to a work of even such magnitude as the cutting of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, but he must be absolved from the prostitution of professional knowledge with which he has been generally credited in this country, if not in France. American engineers long ago decided that the location of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama was impracticable on account of its great cost. Surveys had been made there by American engineers, and at other places in Central America, and the Nicaragua route was settled upon as at once the most feasible and the least costly. But De Lesseps was not dismayed by the cool reception his project received in this country, nor were French investors deterred from taking from those thrifty stockings that paid the indemnity to Germany the hoarded francs that were needed for this stupendous undertaking. It became a national enterprise. The French people as individuals invested in it, the French government sanctioned a lottery to assist it, and the French republic lent its credit to the company to prevent a collapse.

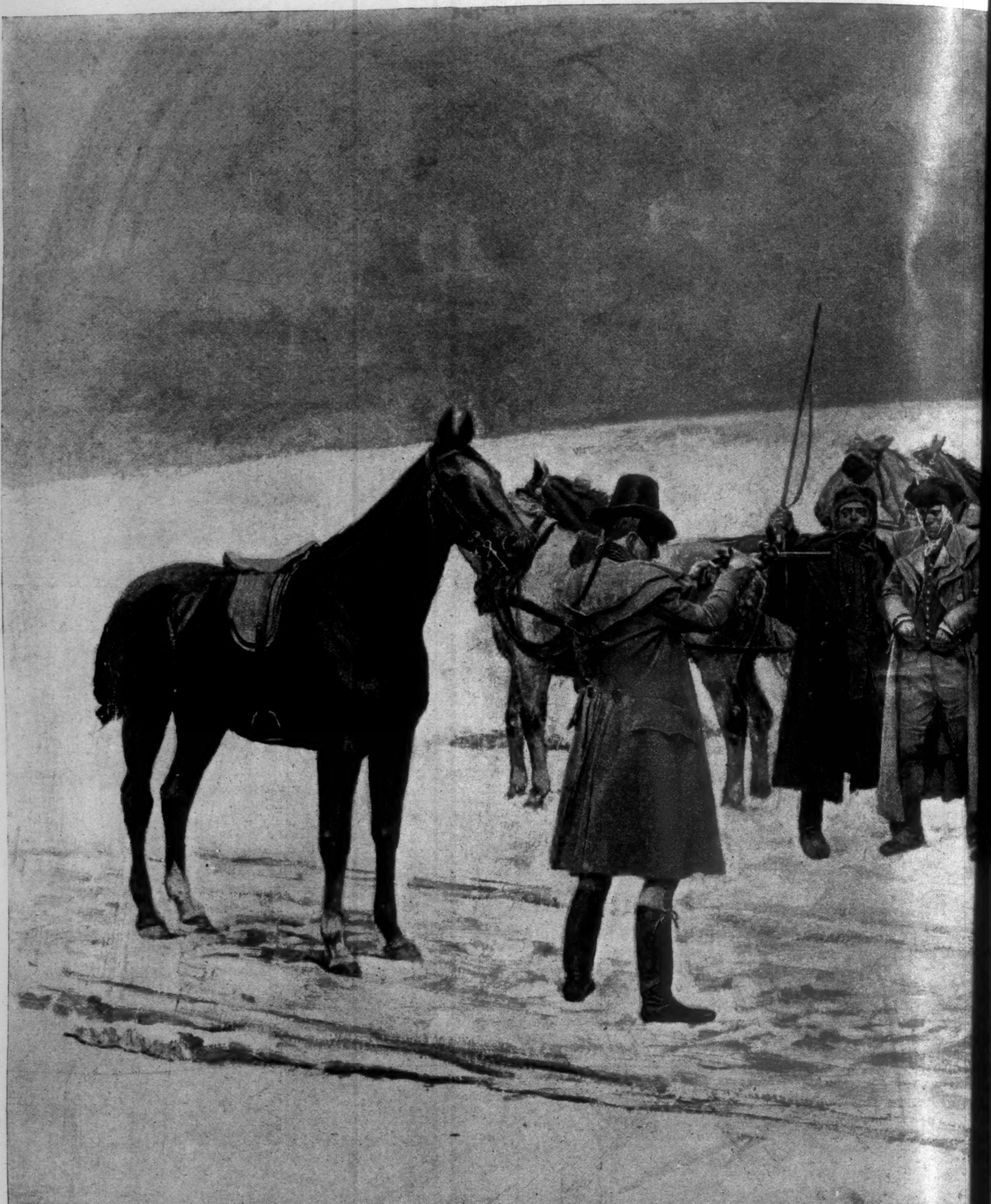
But the collapse was inevitable, and now that it has come it has overturned the ministry, driven some prominent men to suicide and others to exile, and blackened the fame of the great De Lesseps, who in his extreme old age appears to be appalled by the clamor that has arisen. However culpable he may have been in the methods employed, and these methods appear to have included the subsidization of the press of Paris and the purchase of votes of members of the French congress, he at least is not responsible for the false estimates of men who from exact facts were supposed to come to exact conclusions. He was never an engineer, and it is only charitable to believe that, carried away by the misrepresentations of men in whom he had confidence, he consented to resort to expedients that success would not, perhaps, have justified, but at least would have concealed.

By the press reports, day by day, we hear of the exposures. We hear that this paper and that were regularly in the habit of receiving sums of money for silence or advocacy; we hear that members of the legislature and of the ministry were in the employ of the company. The whole miserable business is likely to be laid bare. At such a time, when it is proved that so much money has been diverted from its legitimate channels, it is only natural that extravagant charges should be made. Such extravagant charges now take the shape in Paris of allegations that no work at all was done at Panama. This is not at all true. Much work, and difficult work at that, was done. It may be that for some of this work very extravagant prices were paid, but in all probability such was not at all the rule. It was intimated by the prosecuting officer in France that most of the original contracts were let to favorites, by them sublet to speculators, and by them again sublet to the men who really did the work. In some instances this may have been so, but there are other notable instances where the work was entirely done by the first contractors. Among such contractors may be mentioned the American Contracting and Dredging Company, of which Mr. Henry B. Slaven, of New York, and formerly of San Francisco, was president. Mr. Slaven met Count de Lesseps in San Francisco on his first visit to America. He believed in the enterprise, and thought he saw how he could assist in it. He was a bidder for work, and in all obtained contracts for seventeen miles of the canal, including the changing of the course of the Chagres River. It has been said that for this work the company of which Mr. Slaven was president received $20,000,000, and that half of this was profit. In behalf of the company, which so far has not been summoned in the official investigation in Paris, it has been said that the profits were not greater than the character of the venture warranted. These profits were also increased by the skill of the contractors, who devised dredging machinery at once on a larger scale and more ingenious than ever before used.

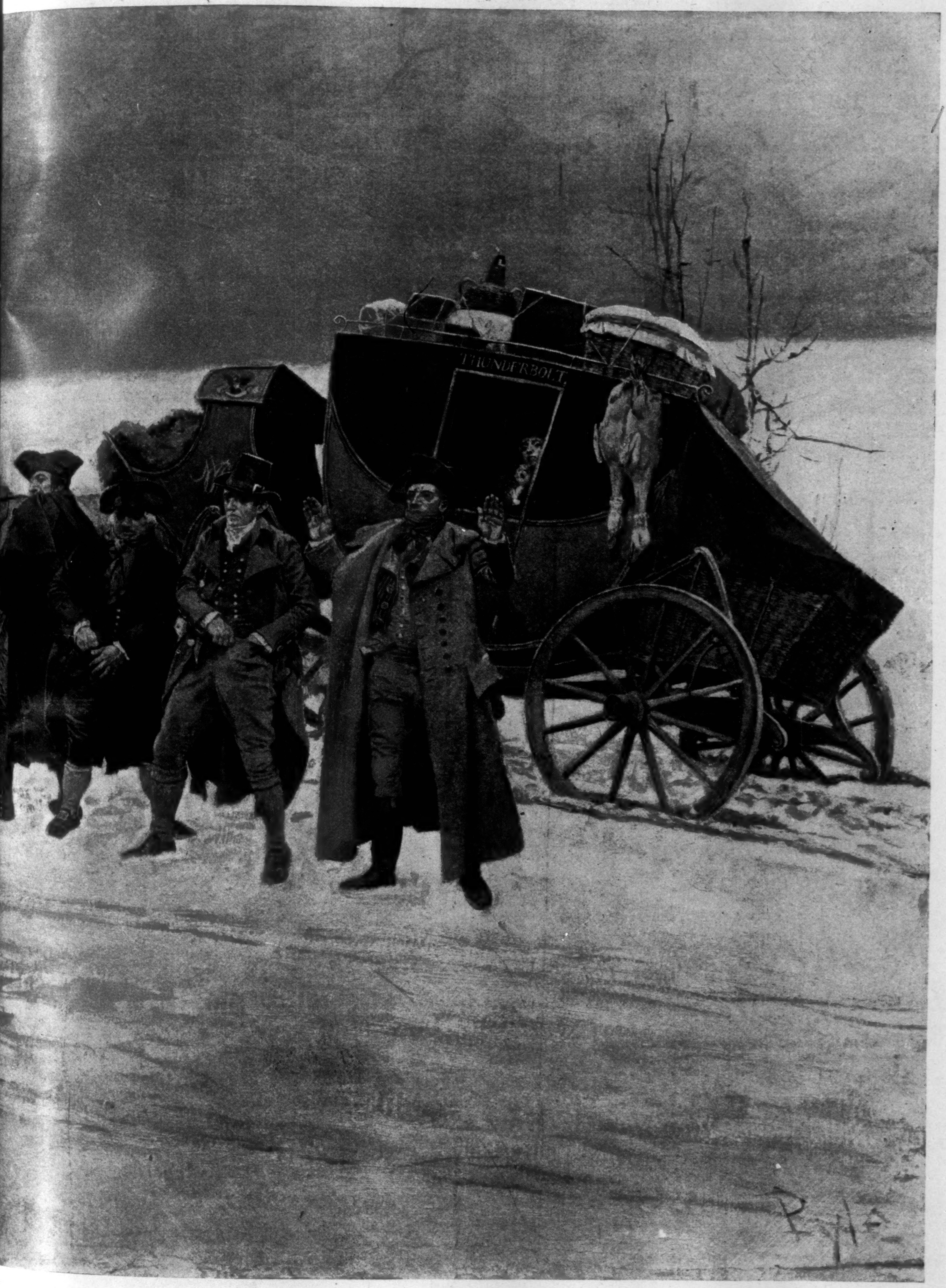
DE LESSEPS AND HIS CHILDREN.


R. F. Zogbaum
'92

THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN CADETS OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY AND THOSE OF WEST POINT.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.



STOPPING THE CHRISTM STA


THUNDERBOLT
Pyle

TAGE.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.

THE NEW WEST POINT.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

THE worthy men who directed the affairs of the republic in the first years of its existence must have been guided by the hand of a providential fate when they selected a site for a national Military Academy; it could not have been altogether foresight of theirs. They knew only that they had recently emerged from a tedious war for independence, and that a weak, struggling nation was more likely to become embroiled than another. Thus they perceived the necessity for trained soldiers, and perhaps they acted the more readily in the matter since some of them were gentlemen with a decided taste for fighting.

We have it on good authority that Washington himself put his finger on West Point when considering the to-be-established Military Academy, and said, "This is the place." Washington's judgment may not have been final, but it was powerfully influential. Others concurred, and when, after Washington's death, the school became an accomplished fact, West Point was the spot of its location.

It was an excellent choice. The associations were such as to make it a forcing-house for patriotism—a quality no national school can afford to neglect; and the years have shown in a surprising way the improvement the place itself was capable of, and the high degree of development to which the Military Academy itself may aspire.

This country has had a Military Academy now these ninety years. In 1802, we may believe, it was not much of a school, even according to the standards of that day. In its beginning it had but a handful of students, who did about as they pleased, and graduated at uncertain intervals, but who went out and fought the wars of the republic with a patriotic vigor that will be becoming in a graduate of 1893. The academy turns out a more finished article now: there has been some advance in educational matters since the century was born, and the Military Academy has kept pace with the advance along its own particular lines.

Still, the Military Academy was a hazardous experiment till 1817, when General Sylvanus Thayer became its superintendent. He had graduated from Dartmouth in 1807, and from the Military Academy in the following year. This is a feat that could not even be attempted at the present day. He continued as superintendent until 1833. He is known now as the "Father of the Military Academy," and that appellation is cut on the monument raised to him at West Point. His labors have been summed in these words:

"In the sixteen years of his devoted administration the Military Academy grew from a badly conducted rudimentary school to a pre-eminent seminary of science, an enduring monument of his fame, a fostering mother to the whole army, the cynosure of all educational institutions throughout the land, and a priceless possession for the nation's security and glory."

To-day the oldest living graduate comes tottering back to these scenes of his salad days, looks wonderingly about, and shakes his head. There is scarcely a feature that is familiar to him. He sees the cadets wearing essentially the same uniform as in his day, and may allow himself to think how much they resemble certain remembered ones of his own class—the springy step, erect carriage, strong-toned voice, air of military precision; but there it ends, except as he unwillingly tells himself that those boys he knew and loved have fought the fight, run the race, and conquered through victorious death. That's all. These are not the same boys, but their successors in the inheritance. And there is nothing unchanged about the place save the all-pervading sentiment of devotion to country and the rush of the river from the north. All else is new.

It is a matter for national congratulation that this is so. Conservative as West Point is—and conservatism hath there a sure abiding-place—there has been progress and improvement along every line. This was never more noticeable than now. Old things have passed away. The idols of antiquity have been destroyed to the last vestige. Certain landmarks and buildings, cherished of old, are become a memory. And in their places rise modern buildings, in whose construction comfort and convenience have been considered, and within whose walls all the material for the education of the modern soldier may be found. For the military art has made great strides since 1802. It is no longer the sole requirement of the officer that he shall fight well; now he must possess a university education, and in addition ride well, walk well, dance well, talk well—possess a complete equipment for social as well as warlike victories. The cadet of to-day is not allowed to neglect his opportunities; if he does that, he is found deficient, and at once dismissed. So the annual graduate can hardly escape being as polished as one of his own buttons.

This great change in appearance has been a matter of time. Two elements have seriously opposed it. One has been the disinclination of Congress from year to year to make anything like a sufficient appropriation for the maintenance of the academy. The sum proposed, whatever it was, never failed to attract the attention of members with an economical turn of mind, and they would scrape and whittle at it, chipping off small pieces here and there, till the remainder, shrunken in bulk and distorted in purpose, was pitiable.

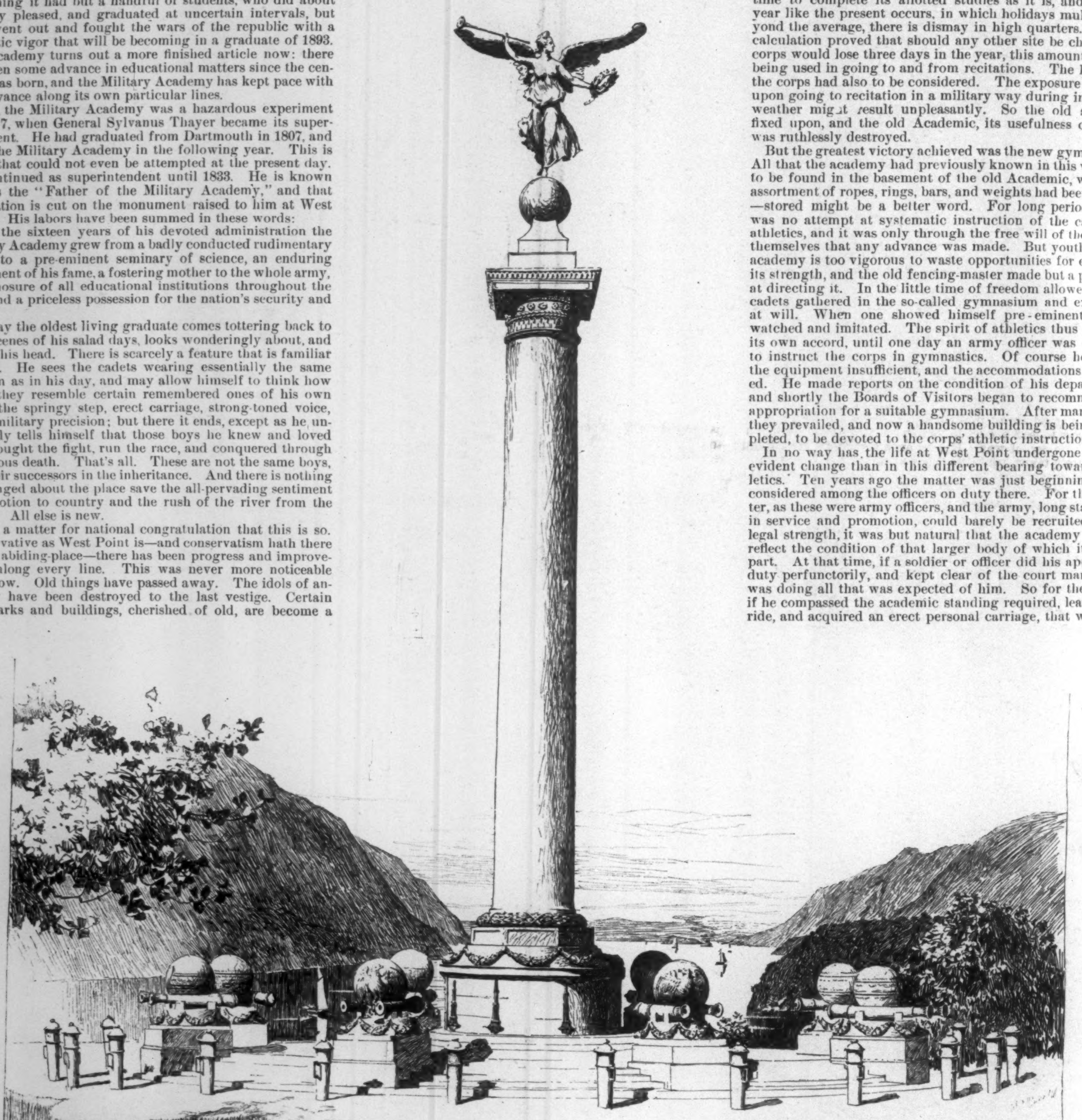
Year after year succeeding Boards of Visitors have recommended certain improvements. They insisted on the necessity of a new academic building and gymnasium. The old academic building had stood for long years, and though still sound and substantial, was lacking in many requirements that had developed with the growth of the corps of cadets and the enlargement of the institution's scope. It was not until recently that an appropriation for a new building was obtained; and when that had been accomplished, the second element of opposition showed itself. It was found that the sentiment of the graduates was in favor of retaining the old building, at whatever cost, and finding some other site for the new one.

The old Academic! Why, half the officers of the Mexican war and all those of the rebellion, North and South, had been graduated from it! In the old days the ground-floor had done duty as a riding-hall, low-studded and dark and small though it was; and there were the overhead beams against which boys since become generals had cracked their heads as they rode unruly brutes of horses about the cramped space. From the day of admission to that of graduation nearly all the recitations had been held in that building; and what "rags" and what "fesses," what triumphs of recitation and what gloomy chasms of despair, had each section-room known! The old Academic! It was West Point itself. It even held the gymnasium, such as it was. The bare mention of the building brought up a picture of the big room, "No. 1," with its summer hops and its winter examinations. Decidedly it could not go. Build another recitation-hall and welcome, but leave the old Academic.

There was an honest effort made to please the entertainers of sentiment; but it was soon apparent that no other site would do. It was nearest of any to cadet barracks, and that was a consideration not to be neglected. For the moments are valuable at West Point. The corps has barely time to complete its allotted studies as it is, and when a year like the present occurs, in which holidays multiply beyond the average, there is dismay in high quarters. A fine calculation proved that should any other site be chosen, the corps would lose three days in the year, this amount of time being used in going to and from recitations. The health of the corps had also to be considered. The exposure incident upon going to recitation in a military way during inclement weather might result unpleasantly. So the old site was fixed upon, and the old Academic, its usefulness outlived, was ruthlessly destroyed.

But the greatest victory achieved was the new gymnasium. All that the academy had previously known in this way was to be found in the basement of the old Academic, where an assortment of ropes, rings, bars, and weights had been placed—stored might be a better word. For long periods there was no attempt at systematic instruction of the cadets in athletics, and it was only through the free will of the cadets themselves that any advance was made. But youth at the academy is too vigorous to waste opportunities for exerting its strength, and the old fencing-master made but a pretence at directing it. In the little time of freedom allowed them, cadets gathered in the so-called gymnasium and exercised at will. When one showed himself pre-eminent, others watched and imitated. The spirit of athletics thus grew of its own accord, until one day an army officer was detailed to instruct the corps in gymnastics. Of course he found the equipment insufficient, and the accommodations wretched. He made reports on the condition of his department, and shortly the Boards of Visitors began to recommend an appropriation for a suitable gymnasium. After many years they prevailed, and now a handsome building is being completed, to be devoted to the corps' athletic instruction.

In no way has the life at West Point undergone a more evident change than in this different bearing towards athletics. Ten years ago the matter was just beginning to be considered among the officers on duty there. For that matter, as these were army officers, and the army, long stagnated in service and promotion, could barely be recruited to its legal strength, it was but natural that the academy should reflect the condition of that larger body of which it was a part. At that time, if a soldier or officer did his appointed duty perfunctorily, and kept clear of the court martial, he was doing all that was expected of him. So for the cadet; if he compassed the academic standing required, learned to ride, and acquired an erect personal carriage, that was suf-



THE WEST POINT BATTLE MONUMENT.

Frederick Macmonnies, Sculptor; McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.

ficient. It remained for the new blood coming to the army through the cadet corps to demand athletic privileges similar to those enjoyed by students at civilian colleges. It was a fair problem set the officers; if the civilian colleges afforded such attractions, then West Point might despair of getting the superior class of young men that had always been her pride. This was not the sole consideration; it was one among many, but one not lacking in importance. There resulted, officially, the instructor in gymnastics, and the gymnasium now building.

It is less than ten years ago that members of the corps of cadets applied to the superintendent of the Military Academy for permission to organize baseball clubs in the different classes and play Saturday afternoon games among themselves. This petition was successful only after the sacrifice of a considerable amount of pride on the part of the upper classes; they did not think their dignity could endure a game with the plebe class; and should the plebes, perchance, be victorious, the defeat would be nothing short of a degradation. Class lines had to be less sharply drawn before a unity of athletic spirit could exist. But the application was handed in, and, after long consideration, was granted under conditions. It was a great victory for the budding spirit of athletics in the corps.

By-and-by the cadets advanced as far as tennis. They acquired outfits of their own, and played poor games with great energy and interest. The true value of the game was only as an indication of the greater latitude the officers were minded to give the cadets in all matters of an athletic nature. It was an earnest of what has since been accomplished.

Next came football. Nobody knows who brought the first football on the infantry plain and kicked it into the air; but, whoever he was, he may claim to be the genius of the game, so far as the academy is concerned. For after that the corps took kicks, individually and collectively, at the ball. Eventually a football team was formed, and therein lies the present athletic glory of West Point. It has been a matter of evolution, and has by no means arrived yet at perfection. But there is great cause for encouragement and congratulation in the results already accomplished.

As soon as it became evident that football was to reign supreme, and that even the cadets would have a chance to test their skill and strength in battle with other teams, enthusiasm took possession of the corps. Morning, noon, and night the boys ran distances to improve their wind, swung Indian clubs, wrestled, and did all they individually could in the way of physical improvement. To be sure, there was excellent material to start with. The instructor in athletics realized this, and that such glory as the team might win would redound somewhat to his own credit, and he exerted himself in behalf of the aspiring youths. Then the team was assembled, and on some few occasions was coached by a man who knew what football was. It was in this way that the football team of last year prepared itself for the victory it gained in the annual match over the too-confident middies of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

This year the enthusiasm did not abate. Great interest was taken in the game, and with the early days of fall the season's team was organized. But the work of making cadets into scientific soldiers still holds the supremacy at West Point, and the boys never were allowed much time for practice. This year they got even less than usual. Football is a good thing in its way, but it will hardly teach a cadet how to lead armies to victory, or aid him in the invention of engines of war. But as even a soldier's life cannot be entirely taken up with the slaying of his fellow-man, football is accorded a place; and the authorities at the academy smile approvingly upon the youthful enthusiasm shown, and do not regret the youthful energy squandered. For that is a thing that grows by use, and football is a great developer.

Every morning lately, while reveille was a misty uncertainty, the chosen few of the academy team have gone out and taken a run. They went down the flags to the library, up the road to the north, around Fort Clinton at the point of the plain, and back to barracks; or they went up the road leading to Fort Putnam, and had an interesting scramble over the rocks and through uncertain footing. They returned with bright color and swelling chests, blowing far less than one would expect. A quick bath, a march to breakfast, a hearty meal, back to barracks, and immediately there is study to be attended to, if one wouldn't lose a section or so. But, even in studying, a lad can take a breathing-spell for five minutes, and swing the Indian clubs vigorously in that time. Recitations occupy the time, with a scanty intermission for dinner, till four o'clock in the afternoon, and after that comes a drill. This is in the nature of an athletic exercise, and is all that the ancestors at the academy of the cadet of to-day were accustomed to. The drill lasts till after five, giving the cadets just time to remove the marks of military toil from their persons before going to supper. After the meal, twenty minutes or half an hour elapse before the cadets are required to be in their rooms, and this time is all too precious to be wasted in developing or sprinting. As soon as evening call to quarters sounds, liberty ceases, and study is the ruling occupation till time to retire.

Saturday afternoon is the one brief holiday-time of the week. If a cadet goes in for athletics seriously, he must forego the pleasure of paying social calls on that day; if he is a society man, he cannot hope to shine at football. It is a question of choice. Those who elect football, reflecting that there will be plenty of time after graduation to go in for social matters, get out on the infantry plain, play scrub games, and practise their points. It is really wonderful that with such limited rehearsals they should put up so finished a production as they do. Football, scientifically considered, is by no means an easy subject for a player to comprehend. In their degree of mastery of it the cadets speak a good word for their ability, physique, and pluck, and volumes for the training to which, as cadets, they are subject.

Last year's team was the pet of the corps. It won victory after victory, and completed its race by drubbing the crack Naval Academy eleven. The corps was highly satisfied with it, and it was accepted as the standard by which future teams were to be estimated. So when this year's team commenced to get in trim, spectators said, with a shake of the head, "If you begin to do as well as last year's, we shall be satisfied." This was a negative sort of encouragement, but the eleven said nothing; they only worked.

The boys got together for their first game when the Wesleyan team came up, in October. The dwellers at West Point turned out perfunctorily to witness the strife, for they harbored the delusion that they were already as good as defeated. Wesleyan, too, had the same idea. But ten minutes after the game opened, it became evident that a mistake had been made. Wesleyan's centre, supposed to be invulnerable, was an open door for West Point. The spectators woke up, and began to see that they really had cause to take pride in the academy team, and at the end they declared it was stronger than last year's. The boys worked like beavers, and compelled Wesleyan to play on the defensive nearly all the time. At the close the score stood 6–6, with the ball in possession of West Point and within five yards of Wesleyan's goal-line. All agreed that it was only by their fumbles, incident to lack of practice, that the corps team managed to avoid winning an unexpected victory.

They have beaten the Stevens Institute eleven by a score of 42 to 0. But then the entire corps was well aware that it possessed a good team, and urged it on with commendatory shouts and cheers. In this game, too, the cadet team made some bad fumbles; but this was the sole indication of their lack of training; and so promptly did they act that Stevens could take no advantage of them.

It was late this season before it was known that the desired game with Annapolis would be allowed. In the uncertainty, the eleven was permitted to shift for itself, and competent coachers came only on rare occasions. Then, too, the team was excused from no cadet duties, but snatched its practice when it could. The result was as, by some, expected. The Annapolis team went to West Point November 26th, and gave the West-Pointers a stinging defeat. The score was 12 to 4. This was despite the fact of the heavier weight of the military cadets, and was owing not to fortuitous accident, but to good and ably directed team work by the middies.

The cadet team this year includes B. Ames, left end; Houle, left tackle; Laws, left guard; T. L. Ames, centre; Clark, captain, right guard; Smith and Aultman, right tackle; Stacy, right end; Smedberg and Stout, quarter back; Timberlake, right half back; King, left half back; Pattison, full back.

In no way has the life of the cadet corps been so developed as along the athletic line. It would seem that in past years there had been a surfeit of dancing, almost the only relaxation the cadets knew from their academic duties; this is not saying that cadets do not dance as well to-day as ever. But, commencing with nothing more tangible than a certain youthful impatience at governing conditions, there has come the wish for something else—some such thing as might have been enjoyed had fate cast their educational lot at Yale, or Princeton, or Harvard—athletics. The official mind, too, has perceived the growth of this sentiment, and has appreciated its value. Privileges have been extended to ambitious youths, and athleticism actually encouraged. So that to-day, away from West Point, the Military Academy is no longer passed by when the question of college athletics is discussed. The corps has shown its exceptional quality, and lacks only the opportunity to capture more laurels.

There has been of late another line of development, if the popular idea may be accepted; and if it is so, the further development is likely to result in a wider and more highly appreciated influence for the academy than may yet have been anticipated. The change is found in the attitude maintained by the academy's officers towards cadets. The outward element may remain unchanged, but inwardly, so 'tis said, the cadet is regarded as more of an acquisition than formerly. It may be that at the present day the army does not present the attractive future it once did, and that promising cadets are the more highly prized in consequence. That, however, is only a passing comment. The fact remains patent that while discipline is as strictly maintained as ever, and the academic standard has abated nothing of its high requirements, the chances that a given cadet will graduate are in excess of what they would have been in years gone by. Military despotism has been succeeded by a kindly military paternalism. In it the cadet finds less of indifference and more of encouragement; and he is enabled to exert himself more earnestly, and to a better result. He is shown no more official leniency than was his predecessor—and that was always zero; but the change of heart on the part of the powers that be has produced an atmosphere in which the cadet can labor to better advantage than formerly. The difference is illustrated by these *bona fide* incidents, and can be accurately estimated from them:

Some years ago a professor, then in charge of a department, paid the customary visit to a low section of one of his classes. In it was a cadet who was not doing well, who knew it, who was discouraged, who was disquieted by the appearance of the professor, and who made in consequence a poor recitation. To him the professor said: "Mr. Blank, you can't expect to stay here if you don't do better than this. The course is not too hard, and if a cadet of ordinary ability tries, he can master it. Now, you are either not trying, or you have not ordinary ability. Don't think I care whether you stay or not. If you go, there will be plenty to take your place. It is immaterial to me whether you do or do not graduate. But I can promise you that you will not unless you improve a great deal in a short time."

Naturally, that cadet did not graduate, and he was but one of many who went out under such conditions.

Last month a professor said to a cadet similarly placed as regards studies: "Mr. Blank, you don't seem to have been doing well lately. What is the matter? Are the lessons too long? I don't want you to become discouraged; there is no occasion for that. I want to see you graduate, and I am willing to do all I can to help you. You have simply to continue in an earnest effort to do the best you can. That is all I can expect of any cadet."

There is a complete statement of the case.

It has ever been considered an unfortunate thing that one should be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. The years that a boy spends in the corps of cadets have, accordingly, been shorn of all that bordered even remotely on luxury. Military snap and prompt decision rule in all the courts of the academy. Hardship has been considered an indispensable adjunct in the development of the manly soldier and the soldierly man, and this idea at one time controlled even the cadet cuisine. Moreover, cadetship was held to be a time of novitiate, in which the probationer was proving himself worthy of the stern honors of the army. Consequently, the more hardships, social, moral, and physical, that he successfully passed through, the more clearly had he proven his title to a lieutenant's commission.

A professor, now retired, used to say that the lower sections of a class were not deserving of help or encouragement, and the instructors under that professor acted accordingly upon the cues given them. It is now quite generally held that the accident of location in the class is not the only element to be taken into consideration when determining a cadet's fitness for the coveted commission. The Mexican war, the civil war, and a long list of Indian wars have brought out the fact that the bulk of the fighting qualities of any class lies below the line of bisection. The fact is patent to some eyes before graduation even. It is the exception for a cadet of high class standing to become the fistic champion of his class against other classes. And it may even be observed that the football element of the present day is not distinguished by high rank in studies. It is hardly a matter of question that the lower half of the class is regarded with more consideration to-day than at any time in many years.

The cadet mess hall has now become Grant Hall—a change that may not appeal as strongly to the cadet as to the graduate. To look within is to see tables prepared with a view to making the coming meal enjoyable. Chairs, not stools, are provided. Clean linen is spread, and there is a pleasant array of dishes. And around the walls hang paintings of famous graduates of the Military Academy. The glamour of the academy's lasting glory is thus cast upon the fleeting joys of the mess. It is as simple as a kindergarten department, this object-lesson in the value of what has been, making the names and faces of the country's greatest soldiers familiar to their successors—simple and effective. No text-book has yet been devised to teach the lesson and produce the result that comes from daily acquaintance with those who have made the academy respected, and have demonstrated to the country at large the necessity of its continued maintenance.

It is, however, probable that some day the portraits of Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Meade, Schofield and Merritt, and all the others, will be taken from Grant Hall, that the tablets to Revolutionary and Mexican war officers will be removed from the chapel walls, that the trophy small cannon and the fragile flags from wars of the past will all be taken from their present scattered places of keeping, and gathered in one building, to be erected at West Point for the special purpose of giving them suitable housing. The erection of this building is an act of munificence on the part of a distinguished graduate, now dead, General George W. Cullum. In his will $250,000 was bequeathed to the Association of Graduates, with which to erect a Memorial Hall at West Point. After indicating the material and manner of construction, the language of the will is this:

"The Memorial Hall I wish to be a receptacle of statues, busts, mural tablets, and portraits of distinguished officers and graduates of the Military Academy, of paintings of battle scenes, trophies of war, and such other subjects as may tend to give elevation to the military profession."

The bequest is not yet available, but the work of planning the structure will proceed, and the building will be erected in compliance with the terms of the will. The Board of Trustees who have charge of the matter is composed of Colonel John M. Wilson, Superintendent of the Military Academy, General James B. Fry, Colonel Peter S. Michie, Colonel Edgar W. Bass, and Colonel James Mercur. The site is not determined. The need of such a building has been shown by past events; for it is to be not only a depository for valuable military relics, but a place for ceremonials and meetings as well. It is fortunate that such devotion to the academy as General Cullum's existed in conjunction with the ability to gratify it. The Memorial Hall cannot fail to become another source of patriotic inspiration.

One other feature of marked prominence among those that characterize the new West Point remains to be mentioned. This is the battle monument, now rising at the northern limit of the plain. It is to commemorate the deeds of the regular army of the United States—officers, rank and file. It has a history, for the fund that is erecting it has been increasing for a quarter of a century. It is made up of contributions from the regular establishment, high and low, privates and shoulder-straps. And it stands for what West Point has done; for there has been many a battle, in which popular troops took no part, fought and won by the men of the regular army as a matter of detail in the pursuance of duty. And many graduates of the academy have died on unnamed fields, accepting death as part of the business to which the country had educated them. It is a good thing that they, and all the others too, should be at least collectively remembered at West Point.

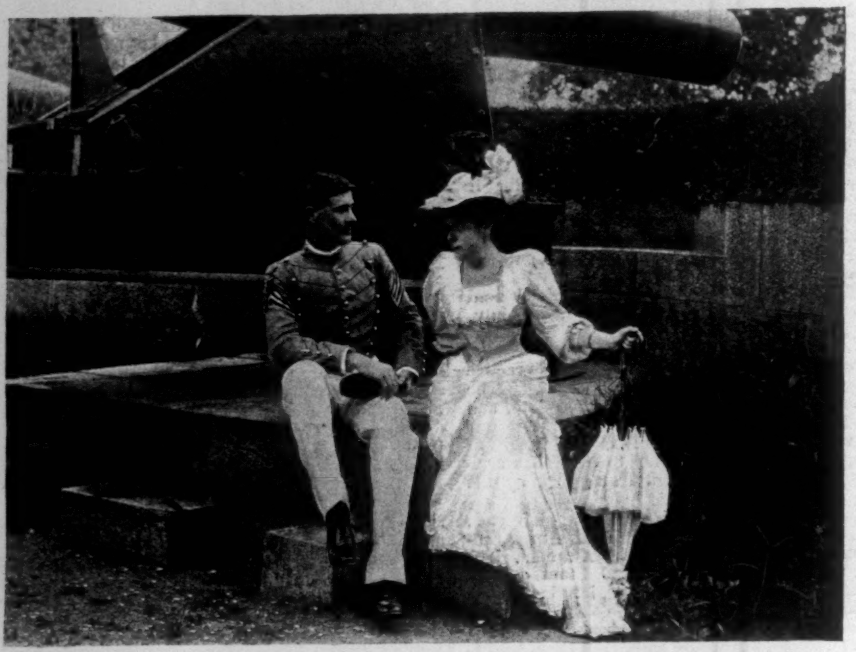
STATISTICAL.

The academic building now in process of erection is the third of its kind. The first was burned in 1838. The second was torn down in 1891 to make room for the third. It is of granite, rock-faced ashlar, and has four stories and a basement. At the northwest corner will be a clock tower. The cost of the building is to be about $490,000. It is to be ready for use in September, 1893, and will then accommodate 500 cadets—nearly twice as many as have ever been in the corps at one time. This is taken as an indication of the probable enlargement of the corps. It will be heated by its own steam plant. All the recitations will be conducted in it. The apparatus of the philosophical department will be moved into it from the library, and the library will then be remodelled to accommodate the increasing number of books.

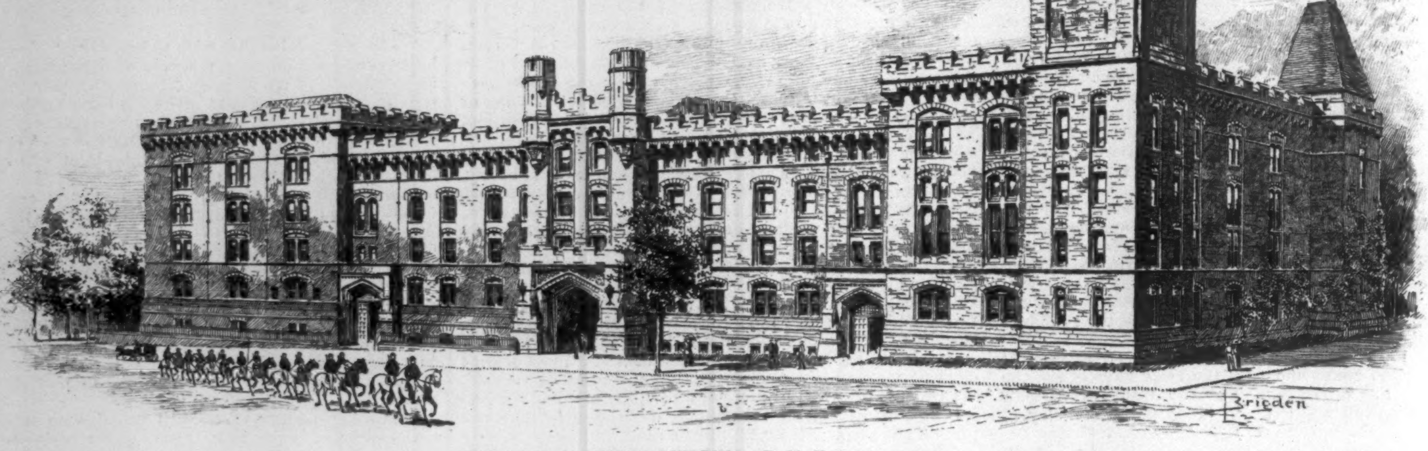
The gymnasium is of West Point granite, broken-coursed and rock-faced. It is three stories in height, and will cost, complete, about $90,000. At least $5000 more will be expended in the equipment. In the basement and on the ground-floor will be a short-range shooting-gallery, bowling-alleys, and a swimming-tank, 30 by 60 feet. Pipes are laid through the tank so that the water may be heated. In the towers are reading, reception, and record rooms. The gymnasium proper is on the second floor, open to the top of the building, and roofed in with glass. A running-track, raised above the floor, extends around the inside of the gymnasium. The fencing-academy is in the front, directly over the sallyport.

The battle monument was designed by Mr. J. D. Hunter, Jun., with McKim, Mead, & White. A platform extends around the monument proper, and is reached by a flight of steps. Its height from the ground is 2 feet 9 inches. It is of pebbles laid in cement. In the centre of it rises the pedestal, of granite, 11 feet 6 inches high. It is ornamented with bronze garlands extending completely around it near the top, and with bronze torches, dividing it into eight panels; on these the names of officers will be put in letters of bronze. On this pedestal stands the monolith, of New England granite, 41 feet 6 inches high, and 5 feet 8 inches in diameter at the base, decreasing to 4 feet 9 inches at the neck. The cap on the monolith is 4 feet 8 inches high. On it rests a ball 6 feet in diameter, upon which stands a winged female figure of Victory, 10 feet high. This figure is of bronze, and was modelled by Macmonnies. It is being cast in Paris.

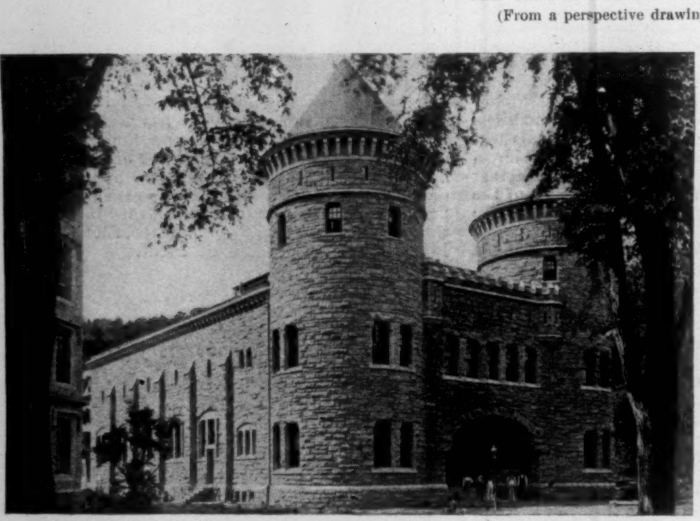
Around the platform are eight plinths, bearing granite balls nearly three feet in diameter. On two of these are bronze eagles. The remaining plinths bear cannon on each side the supported ball.



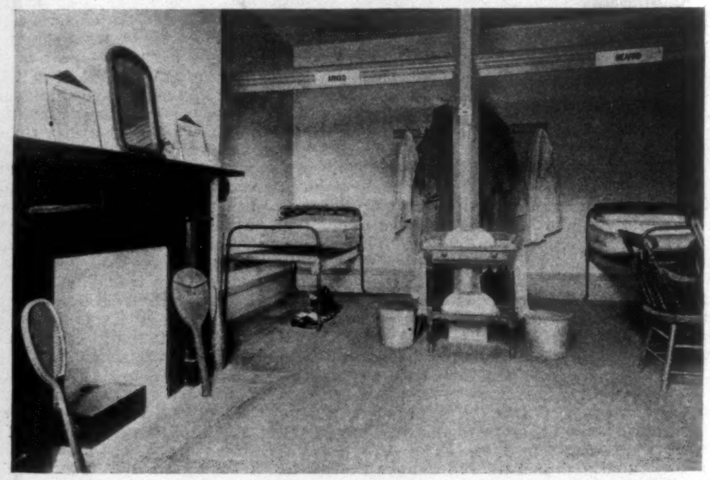
VENUS AND MARS.



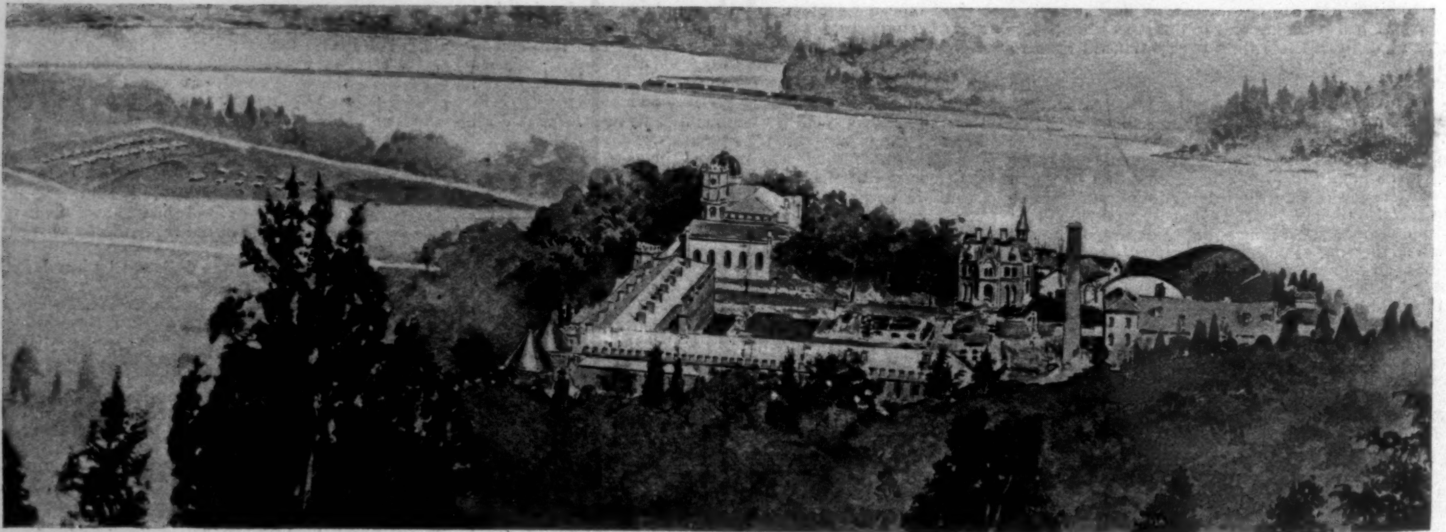
THE NEW ACADEMIC BUILDING.—R. M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.
(From a perspective drawing by Cadet H. M. Reeve, 1891.)



THE NEW GYMNASIUM.

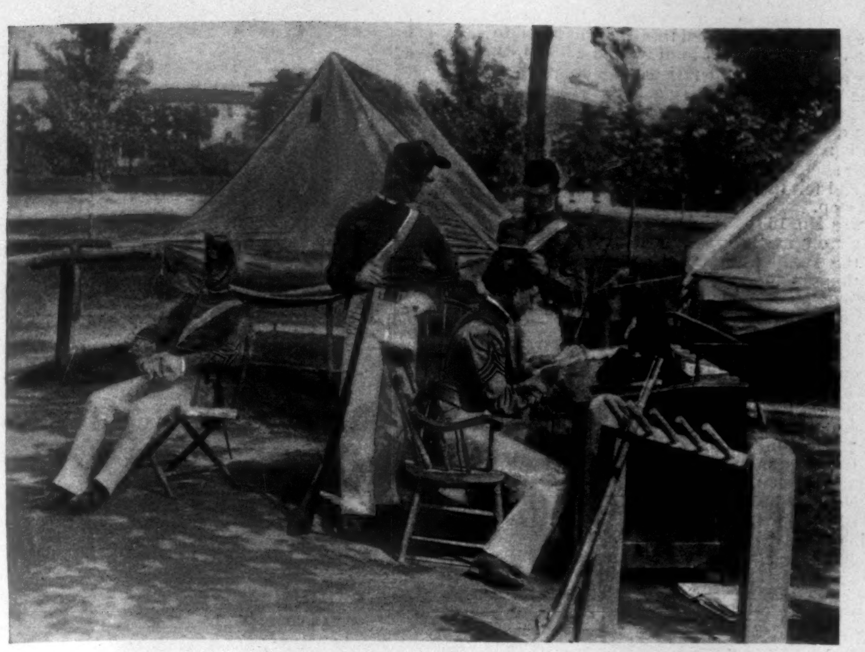


CADETS' ROOM.

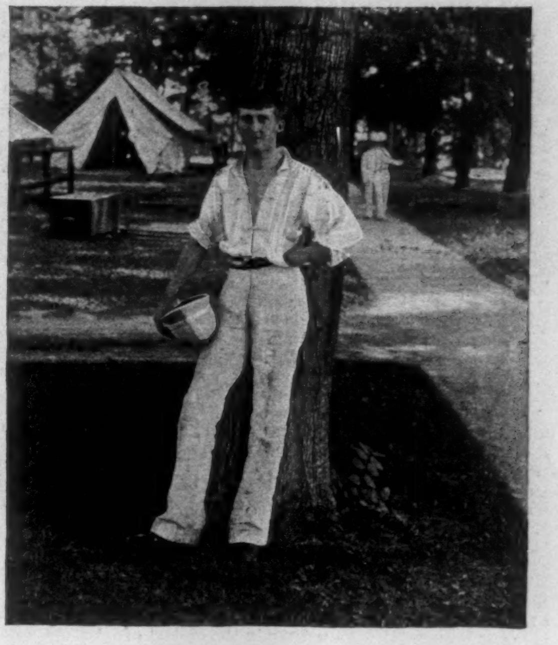


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

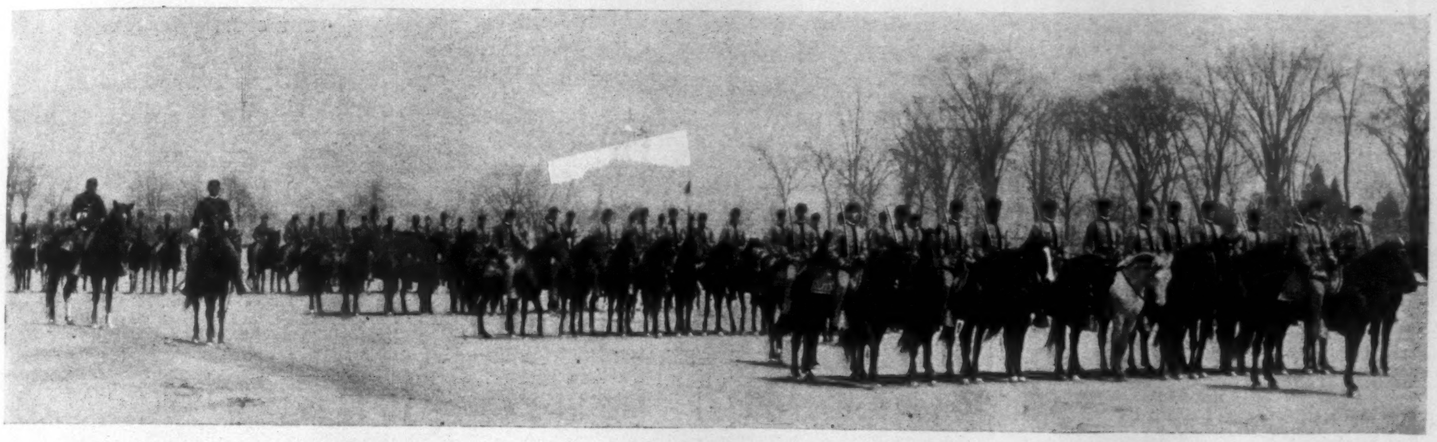
WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.—[SEE PAGE 1190.]



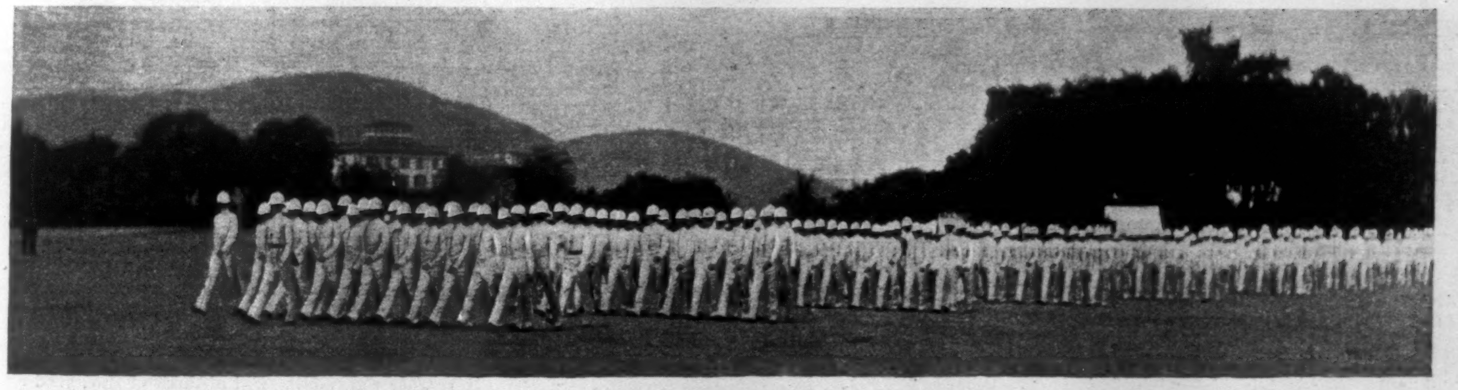
THE SON OF A. J. CASSATT ON DUTY.



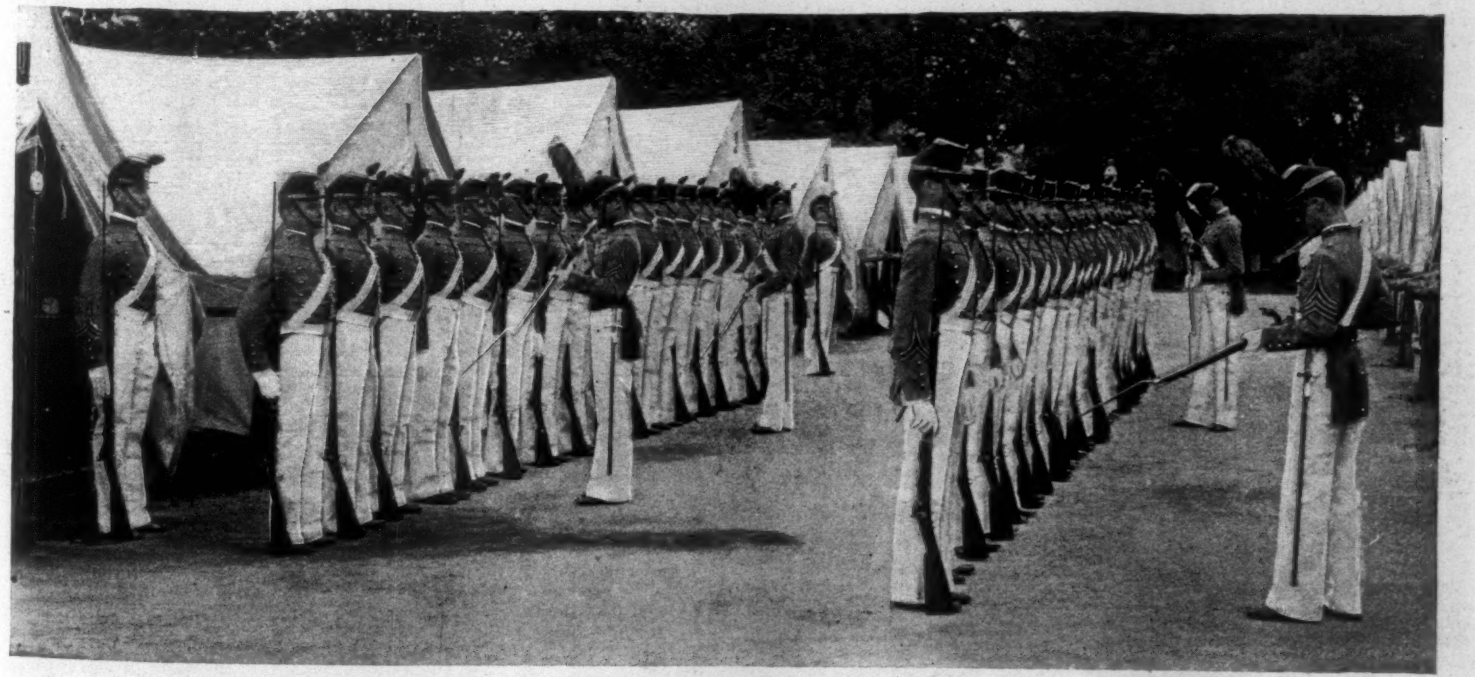
"EDDIE" CASSATT OFF DUTY.



CAVALRY DRILL.



MARCHING TO BREAKFAST.

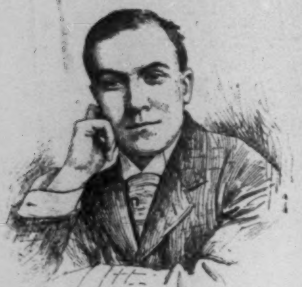


INSPECTION.

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.—From Photographs by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 1190.]

ALBERT CHEVALIER.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



THERE is an old saying about how much better it is to serve in a good place than to be master in a bad one. This has been localized in the West to read, "It is better to be a lamp-post in New York city than a millionaire on the prairie." All old sayings have their exceptions, and Albert Chevalier is one of the exceptions to this saying.

Mr. Chevalier was, up to two years ago, one of a dozen young men who were known in London as clever comedians, who appeared only in the smart West End theatres, and in the legitimate drama as represented by the comedies of Mr. Pinero and in adaptations from the French stage. He was known as an English actor of French parentage, of short stature, with a smooth-shaven expressive face, and quick, observant eyes. When he was not playing in modern comedies and farces, he used to entertain his friends at the Savage Club and at smoking-concerts with songs, the words and music of which he wrote himself, and which he sang as no one else could sing them. They were generally burlesques on popular ballads of a sentimental nature which he ridiculed, but his most successful were written in the dialect of the coster-monger of Whitechapel and Covent Garden Market and the Mile End Road. His friends thought them very clever and amusing, and told him he really ought to do something with them beyond entertaining his brother professionals at two o'clock in the morning. They even suggested his deserting the legitimate stage altogether, and taking himself and his songs to the music halls.

Mr. Chevalier received this advice at first as Mr. John Drew would probably receive the suggestion that he had better give up light comedy and try "doing a turn" at Tony Pastor's.

The music halls in London form a class of entertainment by themselves. There are a great many of them; the number of their licenses shows that a man could spend an evening in one every night of the year and never visit the same hall twice. But though they are so rich in quantity, their quality is not so high as that of a West End theatre is supposed to be, and so Mr. Chevalier continued to draw a salary of fifty dollars a week as a comedian, and resisted the offers made him by the music-hall managers to sing his coster-monger songs from behind their foot-lights. But one day something happened, and he changed his determination and signed to sing at the Pavilion Music Hall, and his brother comedians shrugged their shoulders, and Chevalier himself was extremely nervous, and felt that he was taking a false and certainly downward step.

Mr. Chevalier was No. 16 that night, and was down upon the programme simply as "Albert Chevalier, Comedian." The *clientèle* of the Pavilion knew of him only as a low comedian and nothing more.

They had their own ideas of comedians. Their comedians are gentlemen with red noses and ill-fitting clothes and red wigs, who run on stumbling over their feet, and make a silly bow to the leader of the orchestra, and then burst into a silly blatant ballad about "what a night they 'ave 'ad," or "how they love a red-haired lady down at Kew." I do not think there is anything quite so pitiful or so offensive as the English music-hall comic singer.

But when No. 16 went up at either side of the stage that night the lights were lowered, and the orchestra played a queer, weird, running accompaniment, and a little weasel-like man dressed in the pearl buttons of a coster ran on into the lime-light, and without bowing or recognizing the presence of the audience in any way, began an odd, plaintive melody, and in tones whining and yet tender, beseeching and interrogative, he sang what is now known as the "Coster's Serenade." The audience had seen costers on the stage before, jolly costers and rough costers, but never a coster in love, and making love under his "doner's" window with all the earnestness and passion of a real troubadour. The song opened with a queer whistle, which those who lived in the East End recognized as a signal of the Whitechapel toughs, and when the whistle had apparently brought the young woman to the window, there came a plaintive, reproachful inquiry:

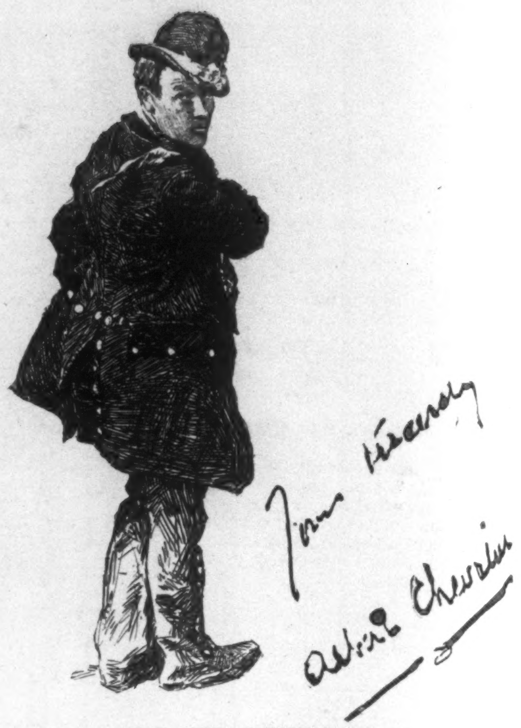
> "'Ave you forgotten yet that night in May,
> Down at the Welsh 'Arp, which is 'Endon way?"

And

> "Six months 'ave gone, yet things is just the same;
> You're known about 'ere by your maiden name.
> I'm chivied by me pals. 'Cos why?
> Nightly I warbles 'ere for your reply.
> Summer is gone, an' it's a-freezin' now,
> Yet still I loves yer with that warmth, I vow,
> Just as I did that summer night in May,
> Down at the Welsh 'Arp, which is 'Endon way."

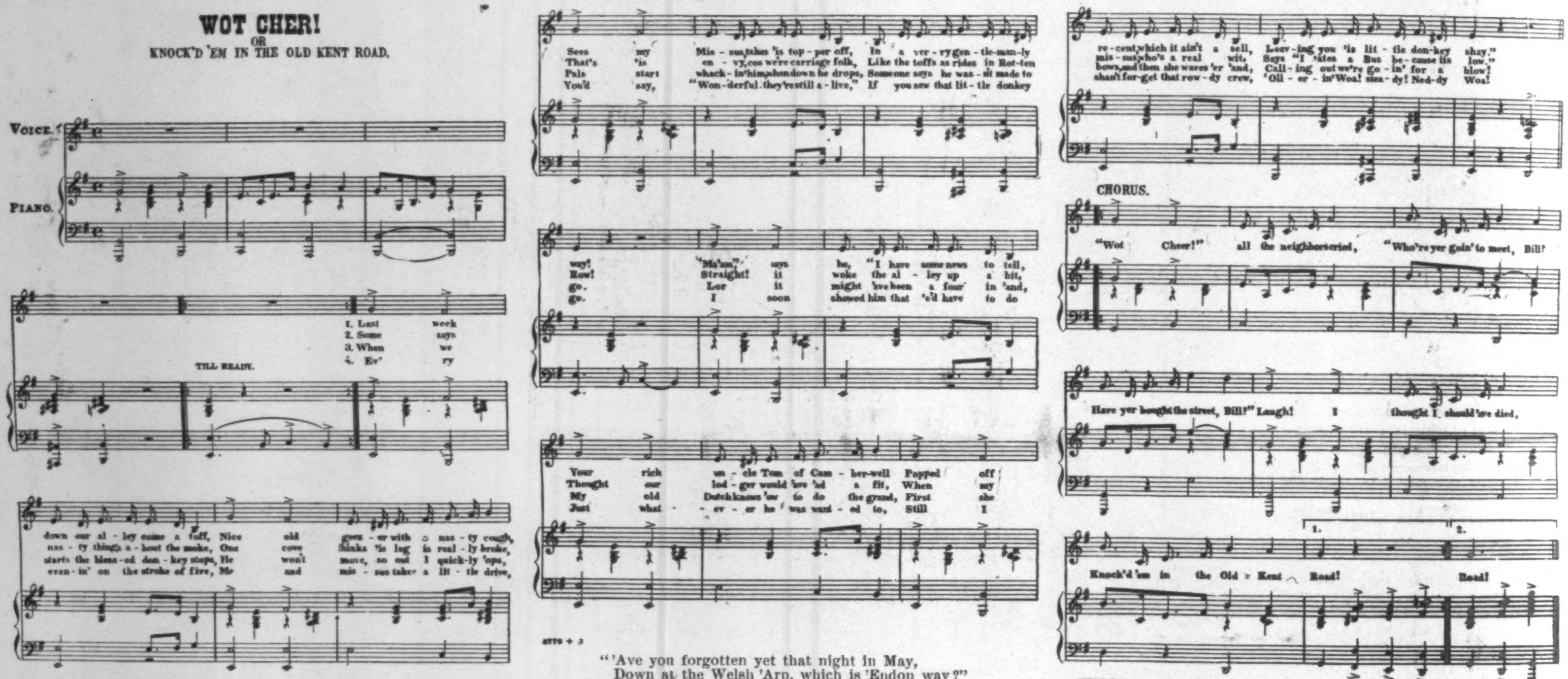
The audience listened to this curiously at first, and then with interest, and then with sympathy, and when the coster ran off, still without recognizing them or losing for a moment the identity of the part he had made for himself, they woke up to the fact that they had not been listening indiscreetly to a poor little chap reproaching his sweetheart, but that they had been taken in by a gentleman dressed as a common coster, an actor and an artist, who had dared to introduce the training and methods of true, good comedy to the careless crowd of a noisy music hall.

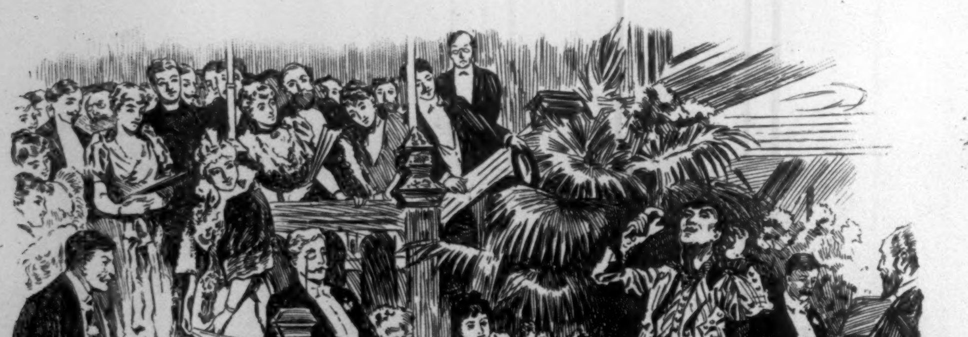
The place Mr. Chevalier made for himself that night he has kept, and to-day he is the most interesting figure on the music-hall stage; he is no longer one of a dozen low


Yours sincerely
Albert Chevalier

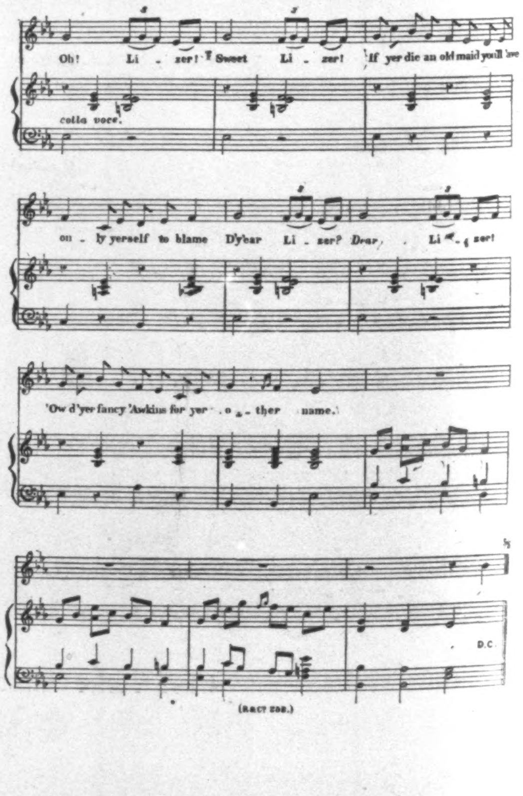
"WOT CHER, GOVERNOR?"

WOT CHER!
OR
KNOCK'D 'EM IN THE OLD KENT ROAD.


VOICE.
PIANO.
TILL READY.
1. Last week
2. Some says
3. When we
4. Ev' ry
down our al - ley come a toff, Nice old geez - er with a nas - ty cough,
nas - ty things a - bout the moke, One cove thinks 'is leg is real - ly broke,
starts the bless - ed don - key stops, He won't move, so out I quick-ly 'ops,
even - in' on the stroke of five, Me and mis - sus takes a lit - tle drive,
Sees my Mis - sus takes 'is top - per off, In a ver - ry gen - tle-man-ly
That's 'is en - vy, cos we're carriage folk, Like the toffs as rides in Rot-ten
Pals start whack - in' him when down he drops, Someone says he was - n't made to
You'd say, "Won - derful they're still a - live," If you saw that lit - tle donkey
way! "Ma'am," says he, "I have some news to tell,
Row! Straight! it woke the al - ley up a bit,
go. Lor it might 'ave been a four in 'and,
go. I soon showed him that 'e'd have to do
Your rich un - cle Tom of Cam - ber-well Popped off
Thought our lod - ger would 'ave 'ad a fit, When my
My old Dutch knows 'ow to do the grand, First she
Just what - ev - er he was want - ed to, Still I
re - cent, which it ain't a sell, Leav - ing you 'is lit - tle don-key shay."
mis - sus, who's a real wit, Says "I 'ates a Bus be - cause its low."
bows, and then she waves 'er 'and, Call - ing out we're go - in' for a blow!
shan't for-get that row - dy crew, 'Oll - er - in' Woa! stea - dy! Ned-dy Woa!
CHORUS.
"Wot Cheer!" all the neighbors cried, "Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill?
Have yer bought the street, Bill?" Laugh! I thought I should 've died,
Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent Road! Road!
1. 2.
8779 + 3



ALBERT CHEVALIER SINGING THE "COSTER'S SERENADE" IN A WEST END DRAWING-ROOM.


Oh! Li - zer! Sweet Li - zer! If yer die an old maid you'll 'ave
colla voce.
on - ly yerself to blame D'y'ear Li - zer? Dear, Li - zer!
'Ow d'yer fancy 'Awkins for yer o - ther name.
D.C.

comedians, but "*Albert Chevalier, King of the Music-halls,*" and his songs are sung all over London, and in country houses, and in "pubs," by smart young men who have heard him from the boxes, and by the costers who have picked up the tune from a barrel-organ. He is paid $600 a week now, instead of $50, and he has set up a brougham, and a house on the Thames, where he fishes all day in a punt; and those people in the West End who will not visit a music-hall have him in after dinner, as they have the De Rezkés and Paderewski and all the rest, to sing his serenade in their drawing-rooms. Chevalier's success is interesting to us over here, not because he is coming to America, for he is under contract for four years yet in London, but because it shows that it is better to do the one thing you can do, even though it be humble, well, than to do something finer indifferently. It is better to be the best prize-fighter than to pose as a poet, if you are not a good poet.

The song next in popularity to the "Coster's Serenade" is one called "Wot Cher." When the Oxford undergraduates were singing it at the Commemoration exercises last year, in their artless authoritative way, I overheard a French visitor ask one of the dons what it meant, and the don, after observing the interest in his answer which the question had aroused, said, with some embarrassment, "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" which is as near to it as the French language permits one to get.

"Wot cher" is a Whitechapel greeting, and what cheer, I suppose, is its translation. The song is given with this, and the ecstasy with which Albert Chevalier reads the line "Laugh, I thought I should 'ave died," has been quoted by some of our American comedians who have heard him as quite worth an ocean voyage there and back. The other song, "The Future Mrs. Hawkins," of which the chorus is also given some place in the text, is one of his latest songs, and has the same queer plaintive note as has the serenade. When you go to London again you must go to the Pavilion, and hear these songs as Chevalier sings them. The printed music and the printed praise of him give you no idea of how the singing of a comic song can be raised to the level of a fine art.

SHE'S OFF!

Who or what? Why, the good ship ——, and if there is a passenger on board of her unprovided with that grand preventive of sea-sickness and all disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, all we have to say is, he or she is very unthoughtful. There is nothing comparable to this medicine in cases of malarial fever, rheumatism, nervousness, and loss of strength.—[*Adv.*]

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[*Adv.*]

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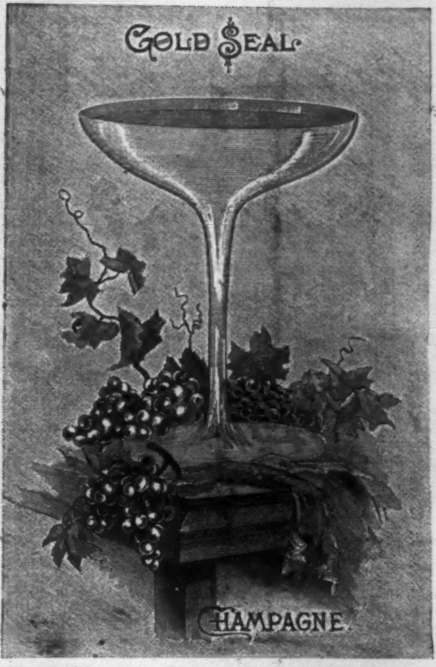

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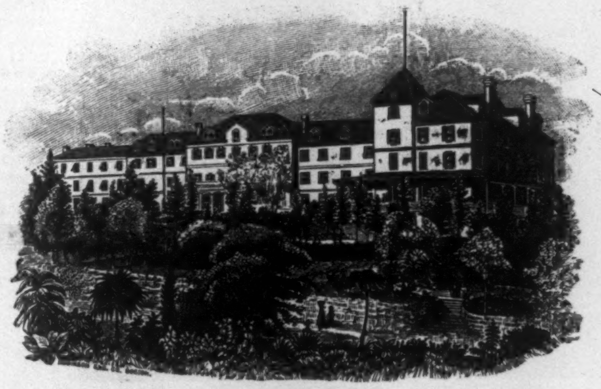

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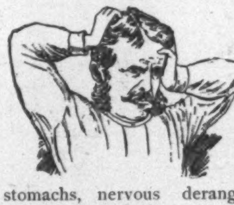

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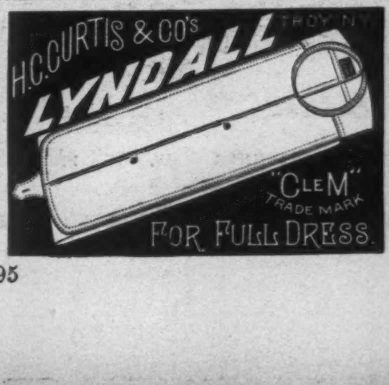

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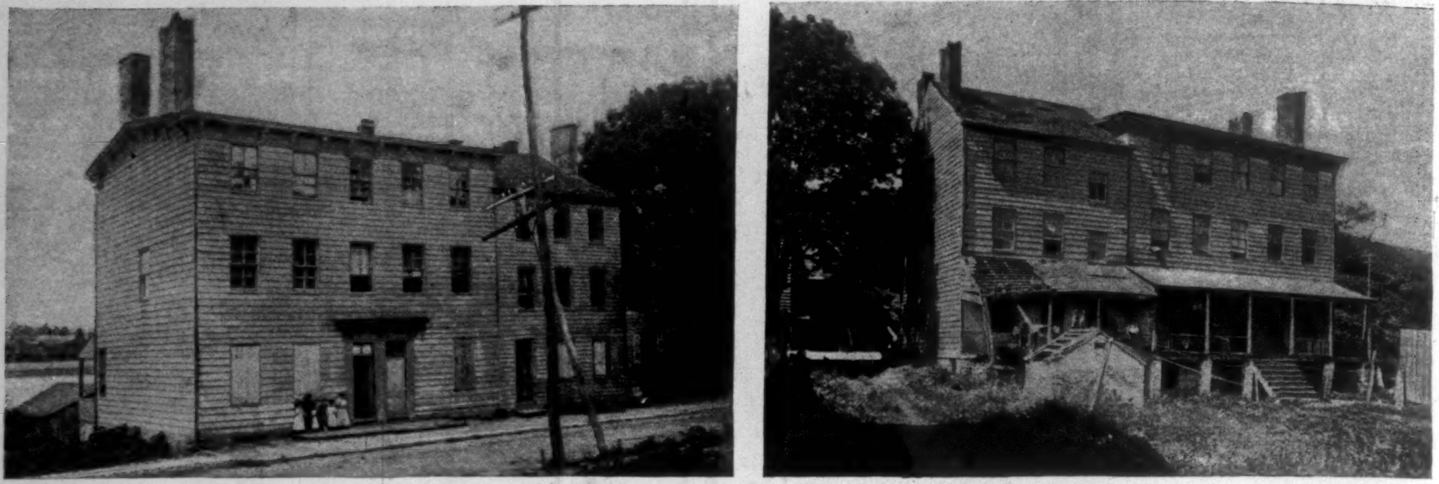

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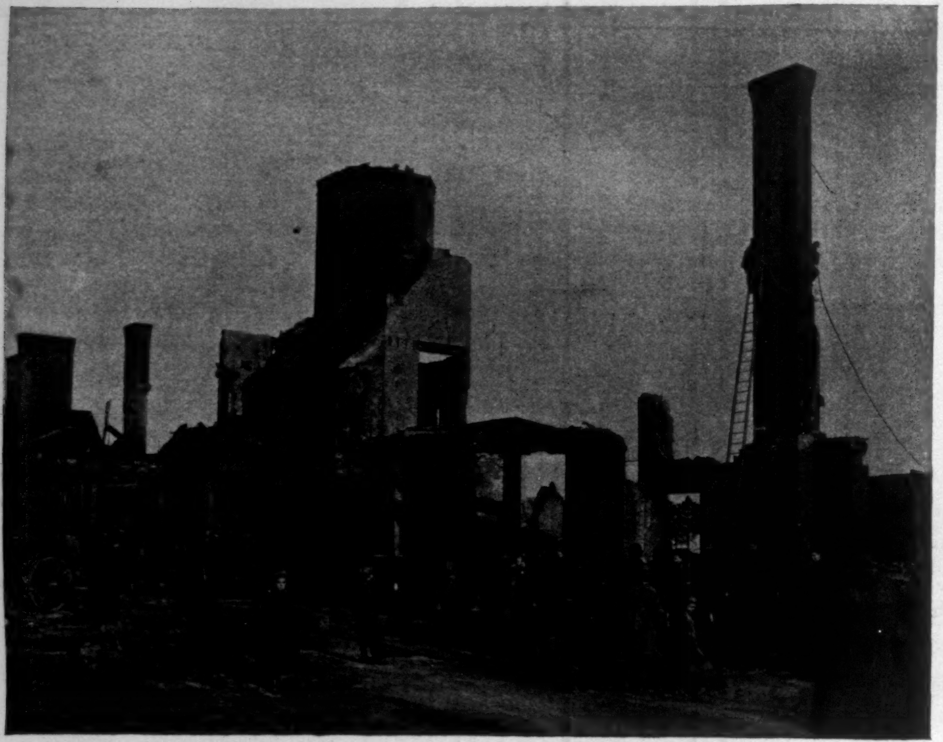
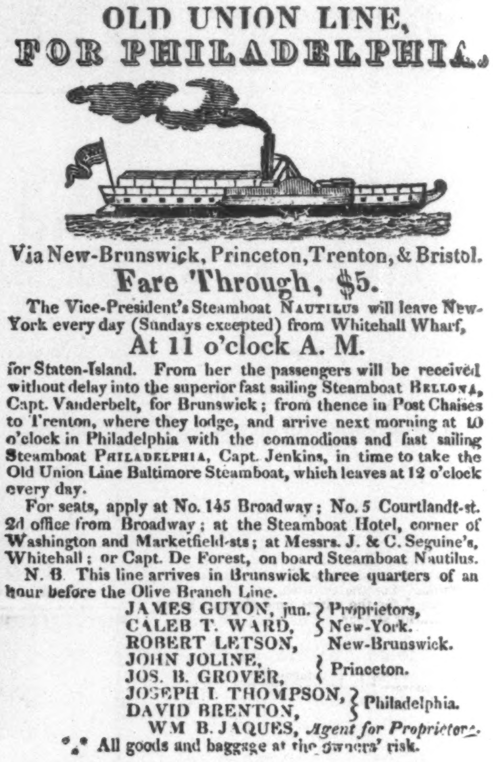


"THE BREAKERS" AFTER THE FIRE.—From a Photograph by Child, Newport.



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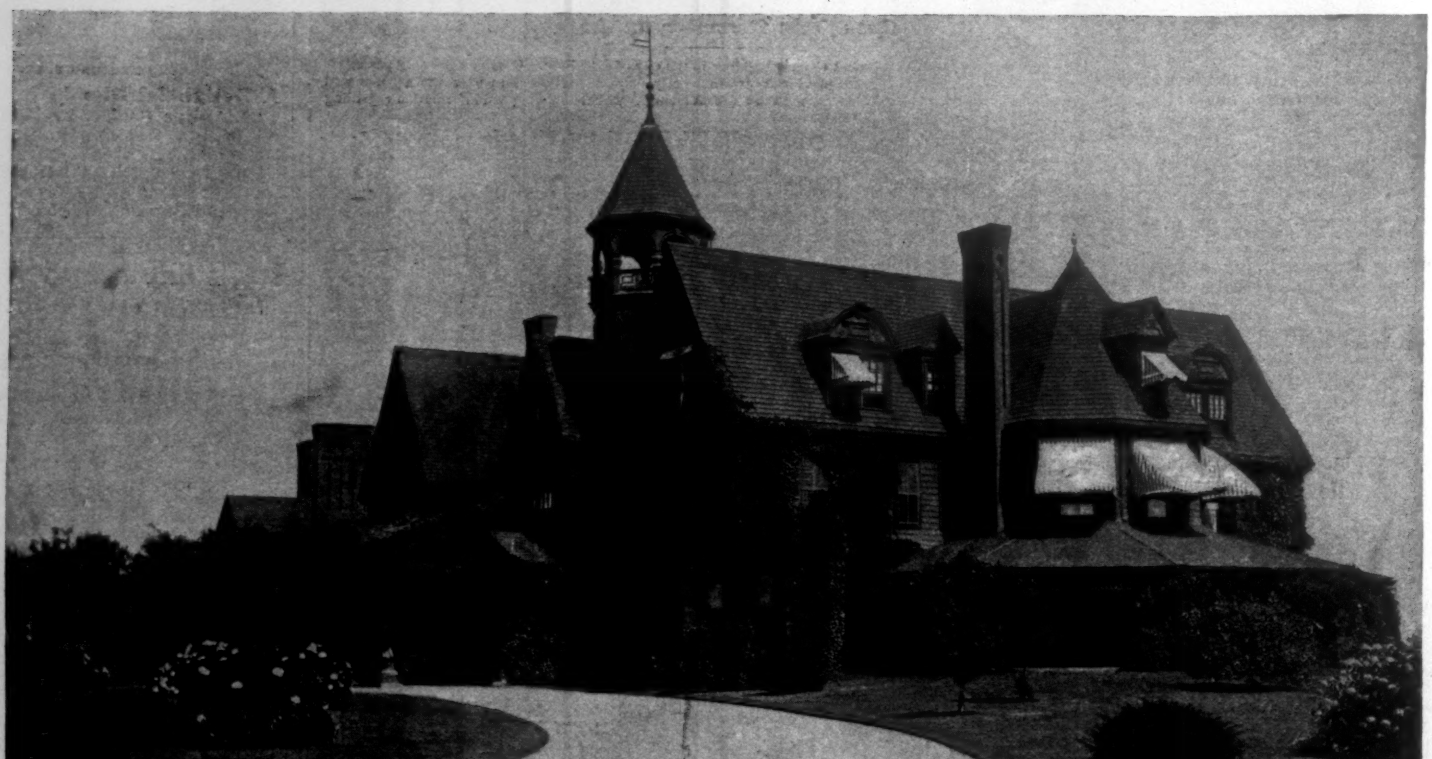

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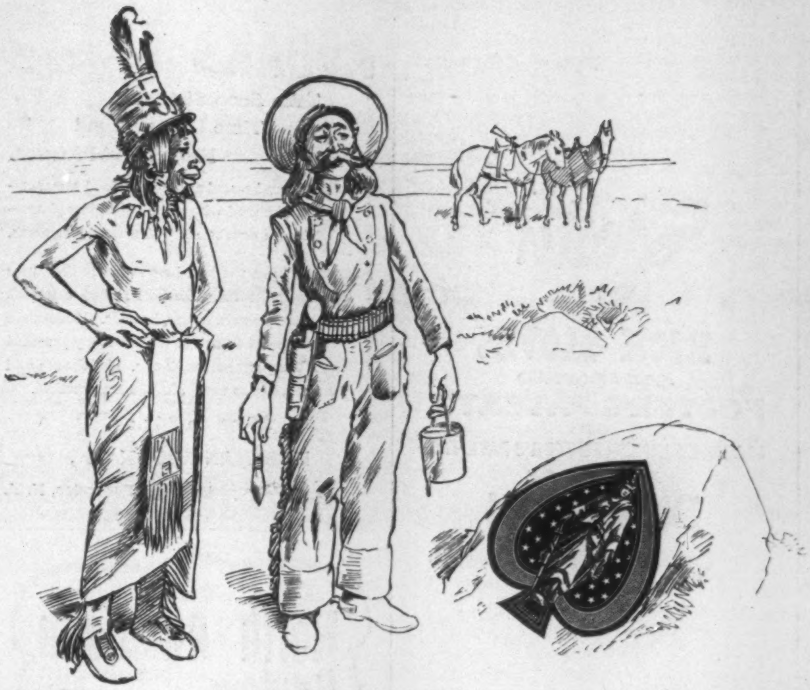

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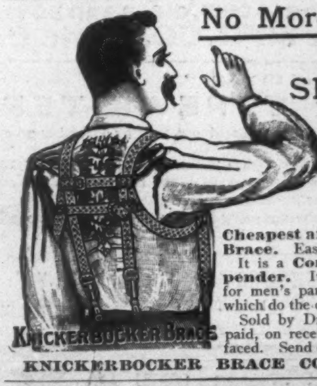

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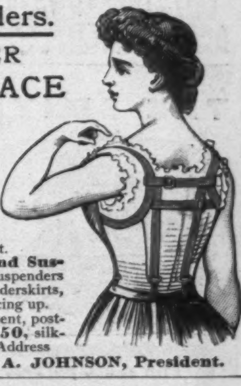

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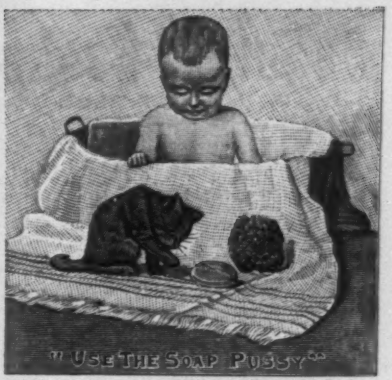

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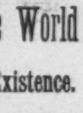

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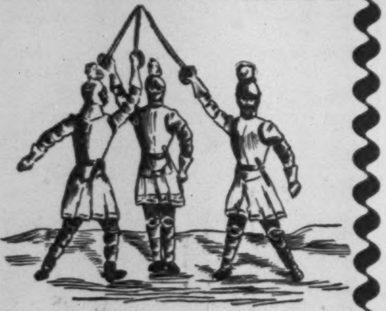

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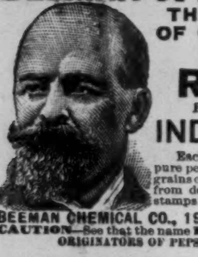

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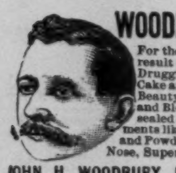

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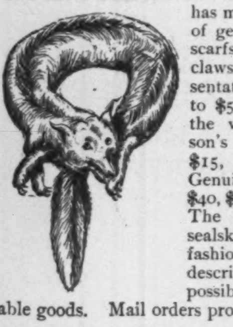

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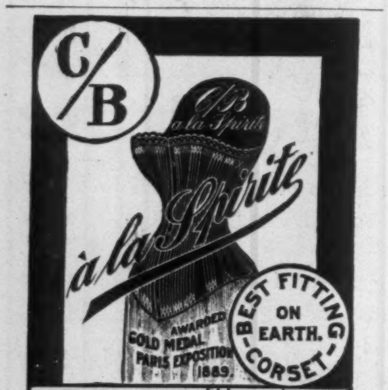

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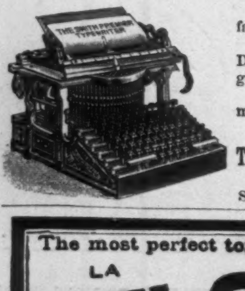

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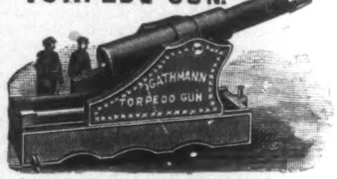

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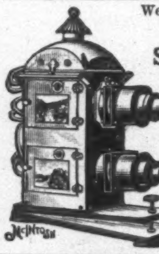

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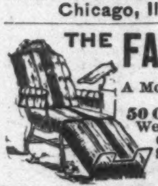

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The selection of an All America football eleven for 1892 would be a more puzzling undertaking than it has been for the last four years, because of some radical changes in the position of the men made very late in the season, and because, too, of the wealth of material, especially back of the line, from which to choose. It is more than probable that a coach into whose hands the completion of an All America team might be placed would not approve of some of the men in their last positions. A weakened ankle compelled King, for instance, to go in at quarter in the final game of the year, while Trafford, who pushed Homans closely last year at full back, and would have had the opportunity of passing him owing to the falling off in the latter's work this season, transferred himself to the same position at almost the eleventh hour. McCormick, the third captain, on the other hand, with the very first day of the season, went, from full back, back to a place at quarter, which a year ago he wished for, and where he had always been thoroughly at home. It is no wonder that his quarter play, strictly considered, was the best of the lot, whereas his work last season at full back, although productive of excellent results, failed to class him then with either of the regulars—Homans, Trafford, Thayer, or Gordon.

Looking over the wonderfully good material, and considering the candidates from an all-round point of view, I should make up the All America team as follows:

Thayer, U. of P., full back.
King, Princeton, and Brewer, Harvard, half backs.
McCormick, Yale, quarter and captain.
Lewis, Harvard, centre.
Wheeler, Princeton, and Waters, Harvard, guards.
Wallis, Yale, and Newell, Harvard, tackles.
Hinkey, Yale, and Hallowell, Harvard, ends.
Substitutes—L. Bliss, Osgood, Butterworth, and Poe back of the line, and Mackie, Adams, Newton, Winters, and Schoff in the line.

The point in the make-up of this national team which will first impress the reader is the name of Laurie Bliss among the substitutes. He is made second choice solely on account of his muffling this season, which in the two big games, at least, would have been costly had the umpire ruled in accordance with facts. No half back this year has played more brilliantly, nor gained nearly so many yards, but, on the other hand, none has come as near giving the other side a touch-down. Moreover, it should always be taken into consideration, when weighing the Yale half backs, that their work stands out more prominently than that of those on other teams because of the superb interference given them. No other eleven gives its runners assistance that approaches what the Yale backs receive. Yale has had first-class backs always, but it is an indisputable fact that, with the exception of McClung, they have been by no means as superior to those of Harvard and Princeton as their work would lead the casual observer to conclude. They have been protected invariably by a strong rush-line, and their way cleared by interference that has put Yale head and shoulders above her opponents. Both the Bliss brothers, Laurie and C. D., are of the hardest and pluckiest workers on the field; both of them brilliant ground-gainers, but both, unfortunately, given to fumbling, and we must have backs on the All America team sure on the catch.

Thayer, of the University of Pennsylvania, has unquestionably earned the place of full back on the National eleven, and closed his football career with a brilliant season. He has outpunted every full back on the field, not only in distance, but in the judgment of placing; his catching has been surer than all others, save Brewer of Harvard, whose record in that respect is a remarkably clean one. In running with the ball he has more than held his own, though not equalling the wonderful record of Butterworth. He tackles well, keeps his wits when the ends are rushing down on him—as Yale discovered in the New York game—and altogether would make a good safe man to stand before the goal of the All America team.

Next to Thayer, so far as actual punting is concerned, Gordon of Wesleyan would be the choice; but in running with the ball he would fall below Butterworth's average. He is a good tackler and a hard player, but not up to either of the others in all-round value to a team. Butterworth really had the best chance to win the place, but lost it for three especial reasons: First, because he kicks straight before him, with no side swing, and hence can never be a safe punter against a lively rush-line; second, because he is not a sure catch; and third, because he missed many a chance of letting his side out to the 25-yard line by not allowing a kick to roll over the line as a touch-back. He was by all odds the best line-bucker of all the men behind the line, and a sure tackler, and for this reason he goes on to the All America team as an invaluable substitute; but the neglect of the three early principles of full back-play cost him the place. Homans has been badly handicapped all the latter part of the season by a thigh so lame that his game has been much below any he has put up since he first made the 'varsity. It has been more pronounced, too, by the failure of his team to back him up on a kick. He has been the choice for full back on the All America team the past two years.

Of all the brilliant array of candidates for half-back positions, including King, Brewer, L. and C. D. Bliss, Osgood, Poe, Lake, Knipe, Camp, and Grey, I have chosen the first two on their general qualifications, including speed, grit, sureness at critical moments. Neither one of these men has ever had the advantage of clever interference, and their work therefore stands out as largely the result of individual effort. King's physique, his speed, and his deadly tackle make him to-day one of the best, if not indeed the best, half back on the field. He has never had an opportunity to show just how much he could do behind good or even passable interference, and a great deal of his time has been spent at quarter, where his passing and general play, although good, is not up to the standard set by McCormick this year. He is short, and his 155 pounds is solid flesh, that no amount of slamming down appears to damage. His tackling is superior to that of any player on the field to-day, and of this ability he gave a wonderful exhibition in the Thanksgiving day game against Yale. His dodging is sharp and clever, and I do not know of any back, unless it is Brewer, who can outfoot him.

Brewer has the distinction, in his Freshman year, of passing several men who have been playing football almost as many seasons as he has months; but he has well earned the place. He is built on slightly different lines from those which McClung, King, and the Bliss brothers have made the ideals in the last few years. He does not weigh within a few pounds of these—his actual weight is, I believe, 150—but he has demonstrated that he can stand as much banging about as any one of them, and as for grit, he has earned the right to be King's side partner. His work this year was particularly noteworthy, because he had not the aid of even such indifferent interference as Princeton gave King. His gains were made by quickness in starting for the hole, and determination once he had reached it. He is catlike in his movements, and very speedy. As for his catching, no back, not even Johnny Poe, who is famed as a sure man under a kick, made so good a record this year. No player ever had his ability in this direction more severely tested than was Brewer's in the Springfield game against Yale. Time and again he successfully caught Butterworth's punts, and held on to them, despite the fact that he was tackled and thrown hard every time by Yale's ends. Few people appreciate what it means to stand under a kicked ball, with the opposing rushers thundering down on you, and with the certain knowledge that you will be fiercely tackled, and thrown hard enough to make you see stars for five minutes or so. To be successful under such circumstances requires coolness and sand. Brewer's punting at Springfield was not up to his standard, but he can send the ball well down the field low and hard. His kicks are difficult to handle, as he gets a twist on to them that tests the catcher's ability to the utmost.

With McCormick at quarter back and captaining the All America team, I should feel there was nothing to be wished for behind the line. His build and his whole style of play peculiarly fit him for the position, and no one in these advanced days of football has made so much out of it. Beecher, of Yale fame, stands in a class by himself, because in his day the style of play was different, and it is quite likely he would have made equally as great a name for himself in the last season's style of play as he did several years ago. Beecher is a born quarter. Just how much a factor McCormick was in Yale's great showing this year few of the spectators realized, because his work, with the exception of interfering in end runs, was back of the centre, and therefore unseen. No quarter ever proved so effectually how much he can do to aid the runner in going through the line, and none was ever so clever in getting through the opposing line, and that is saying a great deal when one remembers Dudley Dean. But Dean was educated in a vastly different football school, and though a star, lacked the training of McCormick. As a line-bucker McCormick made a reputation for himself last year when playing full back, and as a tackler only King and Poe excel him. With, therefore, all four men back of the line sure tacklers, two of them marvellously so, both half backs speedy and gritty, one of them and the full back the safest punters on the field and both sure catchers, and all four ground-gainers, the All America team would be as strong in these positions as it would be possible to make it.

For substitute backs there is no end of the most dashing material. If McCormick should be injured, King could readily fill his place, while L. Bliss went in at half, and another call on the side lines would bring out Osgood of Cornell, whose ground-gaining against Harvard at Springfield was as brilliant as anything seen during the season. That he was entirely unaided adds the more to the merit of the performance. This was the only game Cornell played against a team calculated to test the mettle of her men, or we should have had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Osgood's work. In the games Cornell did play his ground-gaining was a feature, and next year, as a member of the University of Pennsylvania team, he will have a chance of showing just what he can do.

Butterworth could be used in case Thayer was laid up, and if the team happened to be making a stand in the last ditch, he, if any man could, would get through the opposing line for the desired gains.

Lake's work as a ground-gainer has not shown up this year so much as last; he was laid off for quite a time, while in the Springfield game he was used up close to the line with good results. He would be an invaluable addition to a team as an interferer or to carry the ball. He is very strong, though not so active on his feet or as quick to take advantage of an opening as King, Brewer, Bliss, or Poe.

Johnny Poe shares the tackling honors with King and McCormick, and as a matter of fact excels them both in bringing the runner down in his tracks; added to this he is as sure a catch as there is on the field, and came within one of equalling Brewer's clean record. He runs rapidly and dodges cleverly, and if he only had a little more weight, would stand at the head of the half-back class. As it is, he manages to squirm through some very small holes, and he plays for all he is worth from beginning to the end.

Two other half backs, Knipe and Camp, both of the University of Pennsylvania, are deserving of especial mention in looking over the All America eleven candidates. It is only because of the exceptional number of stars that they are not to be found on the side lines when the national team trots out. Camp is a veteran whose work has done much to pile up the University of Pennsylvania's score against its opponents, and this season he has easily won the cup offered by his eleven to the player making the greatest number of points in the season. Knipe is a new man, but his work this season stamps him as one who will end next year with a reputation. He has speed and weight, and is a hard man to stop short of his gain.

In the line the coach would be even more puzzled in making a choice of tackles than he was in selecting the backs. Wallis, Winter, Newell, and Upton are four as clever tackles as we are likely to see on the field for many a day, and there is very little difference in favor of any one of them. Newell has been chosen for the same reason that placed him on the All America eleven last year and the year before—his great strength, and the skill with which he uses it on the opponent's attacks. There is a shade's difference in breaking through in favor of Winter, but in blocking and in tackling the shade's difference is on Newell's side. The eleven would be quite as strong with either one of them playing, for Wallis would fill Winter's place as a ground-gainer.

Wallis is, without doubt, the headiest tackle in the country; his breaking-through is as good as Winter's, his blocking about equal to Newell's, and his eye is never off the ball. Last year he was crippled, and could not do himself justice, but he has more than squared accounts with this season's work, and become a ground-gainer into the bargain.

Joe Upton is very little inferior to any one of these three, as he plainly showed at Springfield.

Hinkey and Hallowell take the ends by steady, experienced work throughout the season, and two better men have never played football. Both are extremely fast in going down the field on a kick, and it would be perfect interference indeed that either one of them could not break up. To watch Hinkey through a game is of itself a revelation of just how valuable an end rusher can be to his team. He seems to know by instinct where the ball is going, and he is always in the right place. Only once have I ever seen him fooled, and that was at Springfield, when Upton made his twenty-yard run on one of Harvard's new plays. His tackling is sure and hard, and he is one of the most difficult men on the field to block off; he has no equal in that particular, unless it is Donnelly, who played end on Princeton's '89 team.

Last year Hallowell played in for the tackle that Newell might help out the centre men, and his end play did not show up. This year he was able to look after his own position, and he did it so well that his game was the most brilliant on the field at Springfield. He is a heady player, like Wallis, and makes no mistakes.

Schoff, of the University of Pennsylvania, would be a valuable substitute in case either of these retired from the game. He has always been a first-class player, but this year his game against Princeton and, so long as his knee permitted him to play, against Yale was brilliant to a degree. I am not forgetting Trenchard of Princeton, nor Van Leuven of Amherst. The former has played a good steady game all the season, while against Yale he had spasms of play that even outshone Hinkey. He would be the choice of some for a substitute end on the national team over Schoff; but I should prefer the latter, because of his greater weight and his longer experience. Van Leuven has made a reputation wherever Amherst has played—his ground-gaining being remarkable against the strongest teams in New England, including Harvard.

Lewis of Harvard gets the place as centre on the All America team for his greater ability as a tackler along the line. His game at Springfield opposite Stillman showed that even against a man outweighing him by nearly thirty pounds he could get into nearly every play, and make his presence felt. His activity was astonishing, and he was often through on the runner as soon as the tackles. That this was not due to any weakness on Stillman's part was proved by the fact that the latter broke about even with Adams in the Pennsylvania game, and went through Balliet for a blocked kick and touch-down in the Princeton game. Balliet has played a good game all the season, and, like Lewis, though not to such an extent, gets into the plays; if he had not permitted Stillman to get through him, he would have been second choice on the national team. Adams is the same steady centre he has always been; he is not so lively as the other two, but as a snap back he has no superior.

With two such aggressive, active guards as Wheeler and Waters flanking Lewis, it would be a lively centre indeed, and one that nothing short of a stone wall could stop. The breaking through of both Wheeler and Waters is of the highest order, while on the defensive, the first on Thanksgiving day and the second at Springfield, proved they were strong on their legs, though Waters is not so good on defensive as Wheeler nor as Mackie. Both, however, are sure and hard tacklers and determined ground-gainers, and Waters could be used at tackle if the occasion arose.

With Newton, Mackie, and Adams on the side lines there would be danger of a weak spot in the centre by injury. With the make-up of this year's All America team, McCormick, whom I consider best fitted to captain it, would have no fear of weakness at any point, for he would have practically two men for every position.

The New York Yacht Club Committee is to be congratulated. It has satisfied Lord Dunraven's demand that "should the cup come into the custody of the British yacht club it shall be held subject to challenge under precisely similar terms as those contained in this challenge," and it has soothed the ancient mariners of the club, who still cling to that new deed of gift, by inserting the proviso that the British yacht club "shall not refuse any challenge according to the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887."

The committee has had a difficult course to navigate, but has handled the tiller admirably. The new deed of gift has been practically declared a failure, and the obnoxious dimension clause, which has been criticised in this department, withdrawn. The challenge, as it comes now, is founded on a sportsmanlike basis creditable to both English and American yachtsmen. The only matter of regret is the "sop" thrown to the ancient mariners by the clause referring to the '87 deed. It only prolongs the inevitable day when that deed must be pitched overboard and forgotten.

It looks now (though at this writing the N.Y.Y.C. has not acted officially on the challenge) as if the long-delayed race for the *America's* Cup would come off next September, and for that there is much to be thankful.

The coming year promises well for international sport. In addition to a yacht-race for the *America's* Cup, there is a prospect of a polo team coming over from England. Mr. Foxhall Keene, when he sails for Liverpool on the 16th of this month, will carry a letter from the Polo Association authorizing him to arrange for a series of matches between British and American polo teams to be played in this country. It is quite likely that the World's Fair, and a desire to learn how much we have advanced in the game, will bring the Englishmen over. If a team does come, it should be provided that a return match be played in England a year or two later. We owe the Englishmen a visit, and a season's play abroad would do our players inestimable good.

The tendency to elect graduate captains of college teams appears to be growing. Just now the most prominent names considered for the captaincy of the Yale, Harvard, and Princeton football elevens will graduate before the next season begins. It is a tendency that should be discouraged. It is bad enough to have graduate players on a team, but the example of a graduate captain is most unwholesome for the future of college sport. None but *bona fide* graduates should be permitted to play on 'varsity teams; and graduates from other colleges should not be eligible. The day is coming when such a ruling will exist. In the mean time the *alumni* should use all their influence against the election of graduate captains.

There are football matters of the other colleges that space does not permit handling this week. The growth of the game among the Western and Southern colleges has been remarkable, while the improvement in play of what are known as the smaller colleges has more than kept pace with the larger ones.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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